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THE *Knight*  
Power of JEALOUSY  
EXEMPLIFY'D,  
IN TWO  
NOVELS:

- I. MONTROSE ; or, *The Happy  
Discovery.*  
II. MISTAKEN JEALOUSY ; or, *The  
Disguis'd Lovers.*

---

Done from the *French* of  
M. S E G R A I S,  
Author of *The Princess of Cleves.*

---

*What Tortures can there be in Hell,  
Compar'd to those fond Lovers feel,  
When, doting on some Fair-One's Charms,  
They think she yields them to their Rival's Arms?*  
WALSH.

---

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TO HIS GRACE  
THE  
Duke of MONTROSE.

My LORD,



SEGRAIS, the Author of these Novels, which I have attempted to translate, has in 'em prescrib'd to himself this Rule, That where they are not strictly true, they shou'd have such an Air of Probability, that they might not be contradicted. In observance of this, he draws the Character of a Prince, from whom, he pretends, your Grace's Family derives its Origin ; he makes him be of every great Quality, in the Reign of William the Conqueror, powerful in Birth and Possessions, at a time from whence the noblest Families in England are proud of dating their Beginnings ; he adorns him with Virtue, Generosity and Truth, makes him incapable of grati-

gratifying the extremest Passion by a base Action, tho' tempted to it by a boundless Power: he gives him an untainted Honour and a dauntless Courage; (the inseparable Attributes of a Montrose :) Had he not thus form'd him completely a Hero, who cou'd have believ'd him the Founder of your Grace's Family? For what but the noblest Stock cou'd have produced those lofty Branches, which, in succeeding Ages, have adorn'd Scotland, and shelter'd and defended its injur'd Monarchs? And now, my Lord, that all those budding Virtues are in their full Bloom of Perfection in your Grace, were I to follow the Method of Dedications, I shou'd endeavour to display 'em; but that's a Task too arduous for me, and to be just to your Grace, requires an abler Pen than mine: 'Tis easy to describe the rising Sun, but when arriv'd at its meridional Glory, it then demands a more than Titian Art to paint its dazzling Lustre. I will not therefore attempt it, but only beg your Grace will be so good, as to accept of this Trifle, and give me leave to subscribe myself, with the utmost Humility,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most Devoted,

and most Obedient Servant.



# MONTROSE:

OR, THE

## Happy Discovery.



**I**N a Village three Leagues South of the pleasant City of Caen in Normandy, still are to be seen the Ruins of the antient Castle of *Montafilant*, which, according to the received Opinion of the neighbouring Inhabitants, was for several Ages the Residence of the Lords of that name; this is confirm'd by the following remarkable History, which was, not long since, found among several antient Papers in the Archives of the aforesaid Village.

B

During

During the Wars that *William Duke of Normandy*, surnamed the Conqueror, waged with his rebellious Subjects, and afterwards, with the *English* when he subdued them; none serv'd him with more Fidelity, Courage and Affection, than this Family of *Montafilant*.

*Roger of Montafilant*, and *Orlando* his Father, had so signaliz'd themselves by their Zeal and Alacrity, in carrying over great numbers of their Vassals and Dependents, to assist their Sovereign in the Conquest of *England*; that they were proposed as Examples to the rest of the Nobility of that Province: Yet, without having reaped any other Advantage, than the Fame and Glory, they had, at the Expence of their Lives, so worthily merited, they had both quitted the Service; the first through the Weakness of his extreme Age, and the other on account of a great piece of Injustice that was done him: He was Under-Lieutenant of the Duke's own Company of Men of Arms; a Post very considerable at that time, because no one was admitted to serve in that Company but Gentlemen; and during the time he held the Commission, which was seven or eight Years, there had past no Rencounter, Siege, or Combat of Importance, where he had not made his Valour and Intrep-



very remarkable. Notwithstanding which,  
 as Captain Lieutenant being kill'd by an  
 arrow, at the storming a City, and this Ca-  
 valier's Arm pierced thro' by the same  
 arrow, which made it the more remark-  
 able; yet, he had the Misfortune, that  
 the Duke, who never committed any In-  
 justice, was so mis-led by the Counsel of  
 the Count of *Bessin*, who was his chief Fa-  
 vourite, that he gave away the Commis-  
 sion to that Count's Son, contrary to the  
 Rules of the *Gendarmery*. This Disgrace  
 provok'd that Gentleman, that thinking  
 inconsistent with his Honour any longer  
 to serve in his Corps under a new Captain,  
 chose to retire; and repassing to *Nor-*  
*mandy*, return'd to his Father; deserting  
 the Service of the Great, and bewailing  
 his Misfortune who are oblig'd to at-  
 tach themselves to them. The Father,  
 who had not been happier than him,  
 ever through the Caprice of his Masters,  
 the Malignity of their Ministers, com-  
 mitted his Son with his Example; and they  
 were so happy in their Solitude, enjoying  
 innocent Recreations of a Country  
 life, that they seem'd to regret their not  
 having sooner made that Choice, and hav-  
 ing suffer'd themselves so long to be misled  
 by the Chimera's of Ambition, which  
 interrupts the Candour and Sincerity of  
 Mens



Mens Minds, and so often occasions the Destruction. But Fortune, who had with so much inveteracy hitherto pursued him, resolv'd to attack him in this, as he thought, his secure Retreat, to show that no Place is an Azyle against her.

The King had three Sons, *Robert* whom he had yielded up the Title of Duke of *Normandy*, on his assuming that of King of *England*; *William* Count of *Main*, and Prince *Henry*. *Robert* was in the Holy Land, being one of that Crusade which was form'd under the Reign of *Philip* the first, King of *France*, and he perhaps been chosen King of *Jerusalem* in prejudice to *Godfrey* of *Bouillon*, if he had not prefer'd his own Inheritance, and the Love of his Country, to those glorious Conquests, in which he had so great a Share. *William* who was his Father's Favourite, was with him in *England*: Prince *Henry* remaining in *Normandy* with the Queen, his Mother, and conjointly with her governing that Province during the Absence of the King and his Brothers. They kept their Court mostly at *Caen*, as well because that City is near the Sea, and consequently more commodious for their oftner receiving News from *England*; as because it being as it were in the Center of the

ate, they might with greater ease take  
are of all parts of it.

*Montafilant* cou'd not so near the Court  
remain conceal'd in his Castle, which was  
at three Leagues off; besides, not being  
well with the Father, is often a Recom-  
mendation to the good Graces of the Chil-  
ren. He cou'd not avoid going some-  
times to pay his Respects to the young  
Prince, and tho' it was as seldom as possi-  
ble, out of the fondness he had for his So-  
n-in-law; yet, his Merit fail'd not to make  
an Impression on the Mind of young Hen-  
ry. By degrees, that Prince conceiv'd so  
great a Friendship for him, that he placed  
his Affection entirely on him, and endea-  
vour'd to repair the Fault of his Father,  
treating that Cavalier better than he  
had done. The Favours of Persons of the  
Prince's Rank, are not to be refus'd; be-  
cause, the hopes that *Montafilant* might  
enter himself with, of one day making his  
fortune by that means, there was no  
want of good Treatment that he did not  
receive from the Prince, he cou'd not live  
a Moment without him; that Cavalier  
was one in all his Parties of Pleasure, and  
for the bestowing of Places, the Prince  
would not give him the trouble of naming  
whom he wou'd recommend, if he cou'd but  
satisfy at 'em. All this was enough to have

made *Montafiant* forget his past Disgrace, but whether Experience had render'd him more wise, or whether the first Blow he had receiv'd from Fortune, had made him apprehensive of her fickleness, or whether he had something upon his Spirits; he received all these subjects of Content, with such moderation, and so little emotion, that the equality of his Mind, very much resembling Melancholy, the Prince often ask'd him the Cause: He for a long time conceal'd his uneasiness from him, too well knowing, that a prudent Man ought never to make his Master his Confident: But at length, having a greater Opinion of him than any other, he cou'd no longer defend himself. 'Twas above a Year after he had embraced the Prince's Service, and near two, since his leaving *England*; when one day returning from hunting, the Prince being alone with him, and finding him extremely thoughtful, he again ask'd him the Reason, tho' he had often made the same Question to no purpose; yet this time, it was with such professions of true Friendship, that 'twas impossible for any one not to be touch'd with them, unless they were entirely insensible to what Gratitude exacts from a Man of Honour. Shall I be so unhappy, said the Prince to him, that my having placed all my Affec-

grace on a Man whom I have chose out of  
 d him Mankind to be my Friend, shou'd not  
 ow be sufficient to content him? Shall I never  
 de his know what makes you thus melancholy?  
 he Wongs the King my Father has done  
 ts; you, can they not be repair'd by me? And  
 t, with you despair so much of my Fortune, that  
 motion the many Promises I have made you, of  
 y much sharing it with you, cannot comfort you  
 ce often for that Injury: If it be Ambition that  
 ng time flames your tortur'd Breast, open your  
 too we heart to me: What can you wish for, that  
 ight not through me you may'nt obtain? If I saw  
 nt: Be you attach'd to any Mistress, I might be-  
 nion ve your uneasiness proceeded from Love;  
 o long ut on the contrary, I observe you shun  
 ear att the Sex: Have you a Passion for any I have  
 ice, and w'd, or for any whom I at present do  
 ; where ve? Are you afraid of discovering to me?  
 ng, that you desire it, there's nothing that I will  
 finding sacrifice to my Friendship for you.  
 in ask does your Heart aim at any one above you?  
 en made have no Sisters, but if I had, what might  
 yet that you expect from the Desire I have to  
 s of true see you happy? None in this Province,  
 e for and no knows your Merit and my Friend-  
 n, unless up for you, will refuse your Addresses;  
 hat Gr it cannot be Love that occasions your  
 Honour chief, neither can I tell what to impute it  
 Prince unless it be contempt for my Favour,  
 ny Affe to the constraint you are under of be-  
 ing



ing oftner with me than suits with your Inclination!! I will not suffer you to be under any Confinement, tho' it wou'd be great Affliction to me, to lose your Company; every thing in my power is at your disposal, the only return I require, that you shou'd be pleas'd with me: But to show you how much I love you, I leave you at liberty, and to your ease, give up all that's dear to me.!!

*Montafiana* attentively listen'd to the Discourse, answering no otherwise than by profound Obeisances; but the Prince having done speaking, who is it that would not been overcome as he was? And what ever Misfortunes he saw himself exposed to, by discovering his Secret, who can accuse him of Imprudence, or impute his Disgrace to any thing but his evil Destiny. My Lord, *reply'd he to the Prince*, Heaven is my Witness, that I receive the Marks of the Affection with which you honour me with the utmost Gratitude; I'm sensibly afflicted at my not returning it as I ought. I'm so ashamed of the Terms in which you express yourself, that if I have any Grievance it proceeds from the Confusion I am in at my so little meriting such exalted Favours; I have, with the rest of the World, my Uneasinesses, but they are, my Lord, of so little Consequence, that I do not think



I think I ought to trouble your Highness  
 with them, and this is the only Reason  
 that has prevented me; not doubting,  
 that that you wou'd be so good as to wish  
 me to 'em.

Upon this, the Prince redoubled his  
 presses, and express'd so great a Desire  
 to put an end to his Uneasinesses, that *Mon-*  
*flant*, not knowing but that he might  
 want his Authority in the Affair he had  
 in hand, wou'd not any longer conceal it  
 from him. 'Tis true, my Lord, said he,  
 'tis too true I love; and from thence  
 proceeds my Affliction, if I have any  
 that the honour of your Affection  
 does not efface. Let not this Con-  
 fusion, so little expected, astonish your  
 Highness, 'tis two Years since that Pas-  
 sion took entire Possession of my Soul;  
 and yet besides the Object of my Wishes,  
 and an Attendant of hers, no one in the  
 Court suspects it: You will not, I believe,  
 be surpriz'd when I tell you who she is;  
 her Name, if not her Person, is known  
 to you. This made the Prince renew his  
 solicitations afresh, offering his Assist-  
 ance in it, let it be what it wou'd; which  
 oblig'd him to give him the following  
 account.

Your Highness must certainly have  
 heard of the great Wealth of the Baron

of *Dover*, who has but one Daughter who is oftner call'd by the Name of the beautiful *Mathilda*, than otherwise: if were not for the Apprehensions her Father has about her, she being his only Child, which prevents him from letting her appear in the World; she would without doubt be an Ornament to the Court: but he being so rich, dreads, and not without Reason, that if he shou'd let her be seen, he shou'd not have the Disposal of her himself. He had liv'd a considerable time without having any Children, and there was so little probability of his Wife's bringing him any, that the Count of *Bessin*, who was his Heir, and who had built great Hopes on the Succession, has, as your Highness knows, always been accused of carrying away the Brother of *Mathilda*. I was then very young, reply'd the Prince, and tho' I have often heard that remarkable Adventure talk'd of, it was always in a confused Manner; so that you'll do me a great Pleasure if you'll tell it me, for as you have it I suppose from *Mathilda*, you doubtless have been inform'd of the Truth, and the Particulars of it. My Lord, answered *Montafiant*, you know *Dover* is wash'd by the Sea; the Baron's House is not any ways fortify'd, but

and defenceless on all Sides : The ve-  
 Day on which his Lady was brought  
 bed, after having been so long without  
 Hopes of Children, twenty or thirty  
 rates, or People pretending to be so,  
 eding upon that Coast, broke into the  
 ouse, and carry'd off a Son that Lady  
 as just deliver'd of, and all the Things  
 value they could meet with : whether  
 ey were really Robbers, or did it only to  
 vent all other Suspicions ; the Count  
 Bessin, his Cousin Germain, has always  
 en look'd on as the Author of it, be-  
 use of his known Covetousness, and  
 ides, there were good Grounds for  
 a Suspicion. The little Time the  
 rates staid to pillage the House, it be-  
 exactly at the Time of the Lying in,  
 which they might be inform'd, and  
 earnestness they express'd to seize im-  
 mediately on the Infant, were great Proofs  
 of it. The Baron and his Wife firmly  
 ev'd it, but whether 'twas true or no,  
 has been the Reason for their tak-  
 the greatest care in preserving their  
 ughter ; she seem'd to be given them  
 Blessing from Heaven in the midst of  
 Affliction ; For, admire how the  
 ine Providence punishes the Designs  
 the Wicked, and comforts the Just.  
 Lady was brought to Bed of a Son,  
 the

the Moment the Pyrates forced into the House ; having seen them carry him away and being hardly recovered from her Labour-Pangs, the Affliction she was in at the Loss of him, render'd her for some time, rather dead than alive ; her Husband was not then at home, being detain'd at Court under pretence of some honourable Employment, that the Countess of *Bessin* had begg'd for him from the King with whom he was then in great Favour which did not a little aggravate the Suspicions they had of him. That unhappy Lady afflicting herself to the highest degree, and seeing the Robbers carry away her Soul, her Life and only Joy ; she long time made her House the most afflicting Spectacle that can be conceived. Her Grief and the Lamentations of her affectionate Domesticks, can only be guessed at, by the singularity of the Accident when at last, Heaven touch'd with her Cries, seem'd to take pity of 'em, and permitted that, after a strong Convulsion that Lady, who happily was big of Twelve Months, was brought to bed of another Child which, tho' a Daughter, was a great Consolation to her Mother and the whole afflicted Family. This Daughter is a beautiful *Mathilda* ; but, if she occasionally gives so much Joy then, judge how their Fondness will be increas'd.



increas'd, when with age she grew to be  
 the most charming Creature in the World.  
 Common Report must certainly have in-  
 form'd you of her Beauty, but I dare  
 assure your Highness, that Fame can only  
 have made you conceive a slender Idea of  
 her Wit, and the Graces of her Person,  
 in comparison to what they really are.  
 This is her, my Lord, who, born to make  
 her Family happy, seems destin'd to make  
 me wretched; not that I have any Reason  
 to complain of the rigour of her Proceed-  
 ings to me, but of my evil Destiny, which  
 opposes my Pursuit of her, with so many  
 most unsurmountable Obstacles. Her Fa-  
 ther, who dreads her being carried away  
 from his Son was, and alarm'd at the Pow-  
 er of the Count of *Bessin*, his Kinsman;  
 besides, apprehensive of every thing, that  
 is usual for them to fear, who have the  
 disposal of rich Heiresses; watches her as  
 his Treasure, and conceals, with all ima-  
 ginable Industry, the Place where she  
 resides: As her Birth was miraculous,  
 so was my coming acquainted with her.  
 The wealthy *Tesson*, who lives within  
 two or three Leagues of this Place, is her  
 Uncle, being her Mother's Brother; his  
 house is very strong, and situated in the  
 midst of the Forest; you must certainly have  
 sought it, having so many hundred times  
 been hunted

hunted thereabouts; there she has been  
 these two Years, ever since, I have serv'd  
 her with a Constancy answerable to her  
 Beauty and Merit; 'twou'd be trouble  
 some to inform your Highness of all the  
 Particulars of my Amour; you may  
 judge of it, by its Birth. The very Day  
 of my return from *England*, I found my  
 Father embarras'd in a Quarrel with *M*  
*thilda's* Uncle, about some Family Inter-  
 rests: that Gentleman, tho' in other  
 things a Man of Honour, had us'd my  
 Father very ill, and treating him unhan-  
 somely on account of his Age, oppos'd  
 him on all Occasions very much to his  
 detriment. I was no sooner arriv'd  
 than being inform'd of his Behaviour,  
 thought myself in Honour oblig'd to call  
 him to an Account for it; I was sensible  
 he did not know me, because I was very  
 young when I left *Normandy* to go for *En-*  
*land*, and we never serv'd both in the  
 same Place. On this Account, I met with  
 no difficulty of delivering my Challenge  
 to him myself; I went therefore to his  
 House, which is a Castle fortify'd by its  
 natural Situation on a Rock, inaccessible  
 almost on all Sides, and defended with  
 deep Ditches on that Part where it joins  
 to the Forest. The Baron of *D*  
 thought his Daughter wou'd be safe

strong a Place, but yet he was so pre-  
 cautious, that no one knows where she  
 is, but her Mother and Nurse: at her  
 Uncle's, she passes for a Relation they  
 have in *Maine*, and her Father gives it  
 out, that his Daughter is in a Monastery  
 at *Rouen*. But to return to my Challenge,  
 it is that has engag'd me in the cruellest  
 War, I ever experienc'd; I ask'd for  
 my *Effron*, he was not then at home, but  
 walking the Air in the Forest: as they  
 told me, they expected him back every  
 Moment, to prevent any Suspicions of  
 my Design, I thought my self oblig'd to  
 look for his Wife, and to pay my Re-  
 spects to her, under the name of a Rela-  
 tion of theirs, much about my age, who  
 came from *England* along with me, and  
 who during our Voyage, told me they  
 had never seen him. My Design succeed-  
 ed according to my Hopes: I for some  
 time entertain'd that Lady, and her Niece  
 who came down with her, and whom she  
 presented to me, under another Name;  
 but I own, I never made a Visit with so  
 much Distraction; perhaps, no body ever  
 was in love, and so passionately, in so ex-  
 traordinary a manner. However, I ex-  
 ecuted my Design, which occasion'd me  
 the honour of being known to your High-  
 ness: we were going to fight, this Ene-  
 my

my of my Father and myself, having for Seconds, one of his Gentlemen, and one of mine ; when you returning from hunting, with a great many Noblemen, came up to us in the Plain, just as we were drawing our Swords, you made us embrace, being inform'd of our Quarrel, by one in your Train, who knew us both. I believe, my Lord, you remember this Adventure, though it scarce merits it ; 'tis what I'm sure I shall never forget, since 'twas the beginning of the most glorious, and the most unhappy Life that can be imagin'd : but the Friendship with which you honour me, owes its Rise to that Day ; as you have been so good, often to tell me it does as that makes me the happiest Man of my Rank, I may say, my Love no way resembles it : not that I'm ill treated by the lovely *Mathilda* ; no, my Lord, my Passion meets with a Return, she has even bound herself by the most sacred Oath never to marry any other than myself ; but yet I cannot prevail on her to marry me without her Parents Approbation. Laying aside the Difficulties I've met with in seeing her, 'tis impossible to express the Obstacles I have found, in making her approve of my Addresses ; I should never have done, were I to repeat the different Parts I've been oblig'd to ad-



believe, from the Gypsy and Pilgrim,  
 to the most exalted Disguise, there's no-  
 thing I have not put in practice. I have  
 been a Pedlar, a Painter, a Musician,  
 nay, I have not scrupled assuming a religi-  
 ous Dress to gain Admittance: Love is  
 full of Ingenuity, 'tis impossible to be-  
 come an Apprentice to him, without be-  
 coming perfect in all subtle Contrivances.  
 The Leisure I enjoy in my Solitude, has  
 inspir'd me with the strangest Designs,  
 which the violence of my Passion has  
 made me put in practice; but what have  
 they avail'd me? they have only emba-  
 rrass'd me the more: The Father of *Mathil-*  
*da* thinks her so considerable a Match, that  
 he wou'd hardly give her to  
 any man, unless you were to be King of *Eng-*  
*land*. Tho' his Brother and I were made  
 Friends, yet, after those sort of Recon-  
 ciliations, there often remains a conceal'd  
 hatred, that differs from Quarrels, only  
 in outward appearance; he esteems me, as  
*Mathilda* tells me, but she has always dis-  
 suaded me from breaking the Matter to  
 him. My Condition is every way equal  
 to theirs, my Hopes through your High-  
 ness's Favour are even greater; but yet  
 impossible to prevail on *Mathilda*, to  
 do any thing contrary to her Duty, as  
 she calls it. On the other hand, the Count

of *Bessin* hates me, because he has injur'd me; for when an insolent Favourite wrongs a Man, he never forgives him; and as he thirsts for that Estate, which has already cost him a Crime, he would with greediness lay hold on the least Pretence to seize on it. Thus, my Lord, you see the situation of my Mind, which ever Melancholy you read in my Eyes and Heart, I beg you to believe, that I receive with all the Joy I ought, the Honour of your Highness's Affection. Prince *Henry* listen'd with attention to his Discourse, surpriz'd at *Montafilant's* Address in so long concealing his Passion, that nobody had ever so much as suspected it; he did not content himself with making him a thousand Offers of his Interest, with the Father and Relations of *Mathilda* and with the King; but he even promised him to manage it so, that the Queen and Mother shou'd espouse his Interests, and take *Mathilda* to be near her Person. *Montafilant*, transported with these Professions of Friendship, cou'd not resist from telling him, that at least, he had some Consolation in his Afflictions, that a few Weeks past, in which he did not see *Mathilda* once or twice; because having gain'd her Nurse, in whom she very much confided, he had, through her Means

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ot the Keys of the Park, where *Mathil-*  
 usually walk'd every Night, and that  
 often shelter'd by obscurity, he was in-  
 troduced into the Apartment of that  
 beauty, by means of a little Draw-bridge,  
 which her Nurse, whose Name was *Cle-*  
*mentia*, let down for him when the Fa-  
 mily were asleep; and that sometimes, he  
 even continu'd conceal'd in a Closet ad-  
 joining to her Chamber the whole Day,  
 not going away till the next Night. Up-  
 on this, the Prince told him he wou'd  
 be his Confidant, and that he was resolv'd  
 to Person, to assure *Mathilda* of the Af-  
 fection he had for him. Pleas'd with these  
 Marks of the Prince's Favour, little did  
*Montasflant* think of the Storm, which was  
 about to succeed this Calm: Notwith-  
 standing his utmost Endeavours, to dis-  
 suade the Prince from giving himself that  
 trouble, he cou'd not prevail; and hav-  
 ing accidentally told him, that every  
 thing was ready for his seeing her that ve-  
 ry Night; the Prince interested himself  
 so much in the Affair, that he wou'd  
 accompany him, contrary to that unhappy  
 Lover's Inclination, not out of any fore-  
 sight of the Misfortune that afterwards  
 befel him, but only, that he might have  
 time to prepare *Mathilda* for a Visit of  
 such Importance, and to let her know  
 the

the Reasons that had induced him to discover it to the Prince, lest she might otherwise be offended at his imprudence. But the Prince wou'd not be put off, telling him, that such a Surprise cou'd not be ill taken, but wou'd rather convince her with what ardour he undertook the Affair: In short, Fortune that had hitherto persecuted *Montafilant*, did not let slip this Opportunity of ruining him. The Prince saw *Mathilda*; that unhappy Lover, who introduced him, unwittingly contributed to his own undoing, and his Misfortune was so much the greater, because it came from that Quarter whence he expected Felicity. The Prince did not return from the Visit as generous as he went; Friendship was too weak a Defence against her irresistible Charms: According to her Promise to *Montafilant*, *Mathilda* was part of the Night in the Park with him, and the Prince, attended by *Clementia*; at first she was surpris'd to see one with him, but being inform'd of his Confidant's quality, and finding by his first Discourse, the Desire he had to oblige his Favourite, she soon laid aside the Anger she had assum'd, on the thoughts of her Lover's having betray'd her Secret.

The Passion Prince *Henry* conceiv'd for her, became in a little time so violent



that it master'd all his Actions and  
 designs, and he resolv'd to sacrifice to it,  
 he ow'd his Friendship; yet at first,  
 was forc'd to dissemble with his Ri-  
 val, because *Mathilda* cou'd not be seen  
 through him; he apprehended her be-  
 mov'd from where she was, by her  
 friends, if he shou'd make his Passion  
 publick; for tho' he did not value his Ri-  
 val's losing her, he was unwilling to be de-  
 liv'd of her himself. He continu'd there-  
 fore his Careses to *Montasiant* as usual,  
 and was as inquisitive to know how his  
 Affairs went on; but he had no Regard  
 to any of his Promises, but only that, of  
 taking her to be with the Queen, be-  
 cause he cou'd not be so solicitous to ac-  
 company his Rival always in his Assigna-  
 tions for any time, without his Designs be-  
 ing discover'd. Nothing is so clear-sighted  
 as a Lover, in what regards his Heart;  
 the Prince cou'd not so well dissemble,  
 that *Montasiant* must have thought ill  
 of his always insisting on going with him:  
 whatever Glory it might be to him,  
 to have a third Person of that Quality  
 with him, yet to be sure, he wou'd much  
 rather entertain his Mistress alone, for  
 it was impossible to confine the Prince to  
 the Conversation of *Clementia*. For this  
 reason, the new Lover, conscious of his  
 own

own Guilt, and dreading the penetration of his Favourite, did not express to great Eagerness to see *Mathilda*, but managed with so much Artifice, that without its being discover'd, why he undertook the Affair, the Queen sent for *Mathilda* Mother, and knew so well how to flatter her, that she receiv'd with Joy the Proposal she made her, of taking her Daughter to be with her, only, on the bare Report she had heard of her Virtue, Wit and Beauty. How cou'd her Parents possibly refuse such an Offer? For besides the Security she was in, when with the Princess, 'twas a School of Honour and Piety, where their Daughter wou'd always meet with good Examples; besides which, ever since the Conqueror's going to *England*, the Queen had resided in the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, which she herself had founded, where that rich Household wou'd be perfectly safe. Her Mother immediately brought her to the Queen, who receiv'd her with a great many Complements, promising to look upon her as her own Daughter, and to have the greatest Care of her: The Prince had hitherto dissimbled so well, that *Montafiant* thinking all this had been done for his Advantage, thank'd the Prince every day with so much Respect and Gratitude

at he having, as I have already said,  
 the Sentiments of Honour, cou'd not  
 feel feeling remorse, at so unworthi-  
 betraying a Gentleman, for whom  
 had profess'd so much Friendship;  
 at length, this unhappy Lover grew  
 sensible of the Wrong that was done him,  
 the Face of Things began to alter,  
 and he soon found himself in his Rival's  
 power. Whilst *Mathilda* was at her Un-  
 der, the Prince cou'd not see her with-  
 out *Montafiant's* assistance; but now *Mon-*  
*tant* cou'd not see her but through his  
 Master, for the Queen of *England*, as it is  
 customary in Abbeys, did not admit of  
 Gentlemen's entring the Convent,  
 when they came with the Prince: on  
 her days she gave Audience at the Grate,  
 that was only seldom, and 'twas still  
 rare, to see any of the Ladies that  
 attended her. The Prince exerted his  
 authority a little tyrannically, for not  
 giving any longer occasion for his Rival's  
 company, he hid himself from him when  
 he went to the Abbey, or when the vi-  
 olence of his Passion forced that Cavalier  
 to implore his Assistance. The Prince ex-  
 press'd so much uneasiness to him, at go-  
 ing to wait on the Queen his Mother,  
 that he did not dare take the liberty to  
 go himself to it often; and when he begg'd  
 him

him to use his Interest with the Queen, allow of his making his Addresses to *Mathilda*, he either put him off from day to day, or else disappointed him; but what still comforted him, was, that *Clement* being with *Mathilda*, and going in and out of the Abbey according as her Mistress's or her own Affairs requir'd there seldom past a Day, that he did not write or receive Letters. The Prince had declared himself to *Mathilda*, that not to *Montafilant*; she flatter'd herself that the Prince wou'd see the Injustice of his Behaviour, and was not so little ignorant of the Effects of Jealousy but that she concluded, if her Lover shou'd know of it, he wou'd infallibly complain of it to his Master, which all appearance wou'd be his ruin. But the God of Love is not to be deceived. *Montafilant* had already some Suspicion of the Prince's Passion, and suspected every thing, watch'd with the greatest Affiduity all his Actions. Whatever his Master took in concealing his Visits he cou'd not prevent his attending him thither, oftner than was agreeable to him; which occasion'd a Coldness in his Behaviour to him, that *Montafilant* was very sensible of: but tho' it increas'd his Suspicions, yet following his Master's

Exam



ample, he dissembled it; and the Prince  
 thinking it proper, to come to an o-  
 rupture with him as yet, or else the  
 ter to deceive his Rival, did some-  
 es carry him along with him to the  
 obey, contriving as often as he cou'd,  
 time his Visit when the Queen was at  
 Devotion, and consequently all her  
 dies about her; so that *Montafilant*  
 d not discourse his Mistress any more  
 n himself, and was forc'd to be con-  
 ted with seeing her in the Church  
 in Publick. It happen'd one day,  
 the Prince attended thither by *Mon-*  
*ant*, had a mind to view the Monas-  
 a Privilege which his Birth gave him;  
 ing therefore the Ladies at Church,  
 ook that Gentleman, and two or three  
 ers with him, went all over it, pas-  
 by *Mathilda's* Chamber, and finding  
 e a young Gentlewoman who waited  
 er, they went in, and came out again  
 mediately; but *Montafilant* stay'd to  
 e an Acquaintance with her, she be-  
 ntirely a Stranger to him. As he was  
 ng to her near the Table, *Mathilda's*  
 net offer'd itself to his view open:  
 e were in it, several Letters which  
 new to be written in her Mother's  
 Aunt's Hand; but amongst them,  
 little Papers, folded without any Di-  
 rections,

rections, and in a different manner from what his own used to be, very much tempted his Curiosity, especially, as he had so much Reason to be mistrustful; but being unwilling to discover any thing before *Mathilda's* Attendant, to get rid of her, he begg'd of her to see how far the Prince was off, and made a Motion tho' he wou'd look himself, which made her go to do him that piece of Service, being unwilling that he shou'd give him that trouble. In the mean time, taking up one of the Papers, and opening a little, he saw 'twas the Prince's Hand; fearing her coming back, he put them both into his Pocket, and went after which was all done in so little time, that she had scarce got three Steps out of the Room, so that she cou'd not suspect of the Theft he had committed. He was in the utmost impatience to get home where he was no sooner arriv'd, than opening one of the Papers, he found contain'd as follows.

*I Am not at all surpriz'd at your first Gour, my Enterprize is of such a nature as to expect Difficulties; but at the time, my Passion is not to be repuls'd by I love you, beautiful Mathilda, 'tis no longer in my power to conceal it; your Disdain*

under me the most unhappy of Men, but it cannot alter the Resolution I have taken ; would be in vain therefore for me to make any effort towards it : as your Beauty was that gave birth to my Passion, blame that for the Continuance of it, and think that Heaven has left that in my power, which is not even in yours.

These were the Contents of the second Letter.

THIS Love alone that I consult, for what can be alledg'd by that Friendship, whose counsel you in vain advise me to follow ? I have list'ned to it, and its Reasons are too weak to resist your all-powerful Charms ; I would not willingly displease you, but silence that troublesome Friendship, lest my Love be provok'd, shou'd be transported beyond all bounds : hitherto, I have only told you half what it has to say, my Respect for you has prevented me, but that will not always be the case ; guess therefore at that, which I dare not tell you, and think that a Passion, like what I feel for you, cannot easily suffer itself to be sacrificed to a Rival.

How unhappy did these Letters render Montafilant ! The least Injuries received.

ceiv'd from Persons, whose Friendships  
 we flatter ourselves with, or who are  
 dear to us, are the cruellest of Outrages.  
 This Gentleman had serv'd the Prince  
 with the greatest Zeal and Affection, and  
 now finding himself so basely betray'd,  
 he was pierced with the most poignant  
 Grief that ever Man felt; but when he  
 thought of *Mathilda*, his Sorrow flamed  
 up even to rage: These Letters had no-  
 thing in 'em cou'd convince him of his  
 being false to him; but when his Dis-  
 dence represented to him, that she had  
 never in the least discover'd to him, that  
 the Prince was in love with her, con-  
 sidering upon what Terms he was with  
 her; his Jealousy had room enough to  
 believe she list'n'd to him. Love is nat-  
 urally Suspicious and Apprehensive;  
 thought, that charm'd with the Prince's  
 Quality, she only affected Cruelty to in-  
 flame him the more, and oblige him to  
 marry her. Fill'd with these thoughts  
 being alone, his Love as he imagin'd be-  
 tray'd, and his injur'd Friendship inspir'd  
 him with Despair; which he gave vent  
 to, in the most melancholy Complaints  
 and sighs; but not knowing what to re-  
 solve on, he spent the rest of the Day, and  
 the succeeding Night, in the greatest  
 agitation that was possible for a Mind



he tormented with. Sometimes he re-  
 solv'd to go and reproach the Prince  
 with his Infidelity, and make him blush  
 at the Injustice he was guilty of; then he  
 thought of scaling the Walls, that de-  
 riv'd him of the Sight of *Mathilda*, to  
 rebraid her with his Jealousy; then a-  
 gain, depress'd with the Severity of his  
 fate, he endeavour'd to forget both, with  
 his thought. As soon as day appear'd,  
 being sensible, that 'twou'd be impossi-  
 ble for him not to discover his Grief;  
 took horse, and being very prudent, for  
 of doing something he might after-  
 wards repent of, he chose to retire from  
 the Town. He had a Relation, to whom  
 he sold all that beautiful Track of Land,  
 which lies Westward of the Mouth of the  
 river *Orne*. This Gentleman was an  
 intimate Friend of his, whom he often  
 visited, as well on account of the Friend-  
 ship he had for him, as because the  
 situation of his House, was one of the  
 best in the World: To him there-  
 fore *Montafiant* went, to indulge his  
 melancholy, and gain time, to form some  
 prudent Resolution. The Prince was ac-  
 com'd to see him retire in this manner,  
 without any uneasiness; for whether  
 Day, or *Montafiant* went to see his Father or  
 Friend, he often did it, without in-  
 forming

forming any body of it before hand, and so, in the same manner, wou'd return as unsuspected. After having spent four or five Days there, he desir'd his Friend to write word to somebody in the Prince's Court, that he was sick, that his Retreat might occasion no uneasiness: Under this Pretence, he continued several days in that Solitude, abandoning himself to his Grief, chiefly spending his time in walking alone by the Sea-side, comparing the Inconstancy of the Element, to his false Fair-one. Before he had set out, he had wrote a Letter to *Mathilda*, and had sent it to a Brother of *Clementia* had in the Town, where they were accusom'd to send their Letters, *Clementia* bringing *Mathilda*'s, and taking away *Montafiant*'s; a Valet de Chamber doing the same for him; unless when *Clementia* had some Message to deliver to him from her Mistress, for this being appriz'd of it a day before-hand, he either met her at that House, at the Church, or somewhere else; varying the Place as often as possible, for fear of the Intelligence being discover'd. He inclos'd the Prince's two Letters in his own to *Mathilda*, which was conceal'd in the following Terms.

SIN

SINCE I have not been able to deserve  
 the entire possession of your Heart, in  
 return for my having wholly devoted mine to  
 you, take not so much pains to deceive me :  
 the Prince, on whose account, perhaps, you  
 repent your ever having so much as allow'd of  
 my Passion, is certainly much more worthy the  
 honour of serving you ; it's better for me, out of  
 Generosity, and for promoting your Interests,  
 to give up that Place, which my Misfortune  
 will otherwise, soon deprive me of. You need  
 no longer conceal the Mystery ; it's enough, I  
 know your Thoughts. — In the same day to  
 be a Master, I thought my best Friend, an  
 Heart whose Fidelity I believ'd myself as-  
 sur'd of, is certainly the cruellest Misfortune  
 a Man can be expos'd to ; but even that, great  
 as it is, has its Remedy, when one knows how  
 to die.

This Letter, and those of the Prince  
 that attended it, very much afflicted Ma-  
 rilda ; her Conscience telling her how  
 little she deserv'd such Treatment, made  
 her at first very much resent it : but Love,  
 who always takes the part of his faithful  
 Votaries, soon made her alter her Senti-  
 ments, whether 'twas owing to the Truth  
 of that saying, That all Crimes appear  
 light, when the Author of 'em is be-  
 lov'd ;

lov'd; or, to the Report of *Montafant's* being Sick; she wou'd not any longer suffer him to condemn her, un-  
 heard. As for the Prince, whether  
 suspected the Feint, or whether  
 thought him really ill, ungenerous  
 stifling the Remains of Friendship;  
 cou'd not refrain from rejoicing at his  
 Absence, and willing to make use of  
 immediately press'd *Mathilda* with  
 Warmth to receive his Passion; this  
 did in Terms that surpriz'd her; He  
 threatned her with his Power, and with  
 revenging himself on his Rival. This  
 made her change her Design, of punish-  
 ing, by a long Silence, her Lover, by  
 whom she thought herself injur'd. At  
 the end of seven or eight Days, she  
 cou'd not refrain from informing him of  
 the truth of every thing, and how un-  
 justly he had suspected her of Infidelity.  
 She sent for her faithful *Clementia's* Bro-  
 ther, whose Zeal for her Service, she  
 had on several Occasions been con-  
 vinced of; and giving him a Letter  
 order'd him to carry it to the Gentle-  
 man's where *Montafant* was retir'd to  
 he did so, and he receiving it, open'd  
 it, and read the following Lines.

That all Crimes appear  
 when the Author of them is be-  
 lov'd;  
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THE Death with which you threaten me, is what you deserve, and what I shou'd wish you, if I had not still more Friendship for you, than you have Justice for me ; I never heard it was thought doing our Friends Injury, the not telling them ill News. I have therefore a better Opinion of my Constancy, since that's my only Crime ; I will not alter my Behaviour, but it shall be to punish you : At present, I can say no more to you ; if you will come back with the Bearer of this, he'll tell you the Method I've contriv'd, to acquaint you with the Truth of this Affair myself. Adieu, you rather deserve to be forgot, than to receive this Favour, after your Example, I resolve to be un-just ; yet with this Difference, that I have been wrong'd by you, instead of thank'd as I serv'd, and that I reward you when you merit to be punish'd.

Montafiant, upon the Reception of so engaging a Summons, cou'd not any longer continue in his Solitude ; Clemence being appriz'd of the Commission Mathilda had given her Brother, had inform'd him very exactly of every thing, and he did not fail to acquit himself of what he ought. Montafiant learnt from this, the Extremity to which Mathilda was

was reduc'd, by the Impatience of the Prince's Passion, and 'twas that induc'd him to set out immediately.

Belonging to the Abbey, is a Garden surrounded with very high Walls: *Mathilda* had found out a Place, where, by means of a Stone, which might be taken out and replaced again, 'twas easy, through the Wall, to converse with any one in the Street. The City of *Caen* was not so large then as it is at present, and consequently that Place much more unfrequented than it is now. *Clementine* Brother set out first, to give *Mathilda* notice to be at the Place, and that when it shou'd be late, and every body retir'd, *Montafilant* wou'd not fail be there: On the other hand, that Cavalier contriv'd it so, that it was Night before he came to Town, where he conceal'd himself at a Friend's, till the appointed Hour. 'Twou'd signify nothing to repeat all these Lovers Conversation: those sort of *Eclaircissemens* are seldom done in few Words; 'tis enough to say, that *Mathilda* justified herself *Montafilant*, for not having acquainted him with the Prince's Passion for her, and that *Montafilant* ask'd her pardon a thousand times, for his having question'd her Fidelity. After which,

Night

rights pass'd, that they did not by this  
 means converse together; and now *Mon-*  
*flant* began to press her more earnest-  
 ly to consent to his carrying her away  
 having lost the Support of his Master's  
 friendship; he saw plainly that without  
 making use of extraordinary Methods,  
 she shou'd never accomplish his Designs,  
 and the Prince's Passion grew to such a  
 height, that there was nothing but  
 what was to be fear'd from it: but yet  
*Mathilda* cou'd not be perswaded to do  
 anything so contrary to her Duty; she  
 advis'd him first to endeavour to prevail  
 with the Prince, and to make use of his  
 credit with the Queen: That Princess  
 had a great deal of esteem for him;  
*Mathilda* had often heard her express a  
 regard for him, and that she saw with  
 pleasure her Son make choice of so  
 worthy a Favourite; since which, hav-  
 ing taken notice of his Disgrace, she  
 had often ask'd him the Reason of it,  
 but he wou'd never confess the Truth.  
 At length, that Cavalier relying on her  
 goodness, resolv'd to have Recourse to  
 her. One day therefore, having found an  
 opportunity to discourse her, he in-  
 form'd her succinctly of his Adventure,  
 the Birth of his Passion, and of the  
 Prince's Favour to him; and how at  
 present

present he was become his Rival. The Queen, who was generous, and who besides began to have some Suspicion of her Son's Passion, which she thought neither just, nor suitable; resolv'd every thing she cou'd, to favour *Montafilant*: she promis'd him to speak to *Mathilda's* Parents, and to her Son. As for the latter part of her Promise, having easily Opportunities, she immediately acquitted herself of it: That very day, she remonstrated to him the Injustice that every way attended his Passion; but having so much reason, she cou'd not help mixing Sharpness with her tender Counsels. The Prince did but ill receive these Reprimands, and so refused to submit, without so much as hearing *Montafilant*, suspecting him to be the Cause of 'em, he commanded him instantly to retire to his Father's House, and not to approach the Court upon pain of Death. That Cavalier, accustom'd to Disgraces at Court, was but little touch'd in regard to his Fortune, but he cou'd not think without Despair, on the Injustice that was done to his Love; his Father attempted in vain to console him, Death was a thousand times more preferable, than the least Idea of yielding up *Mathilda*: for the

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reason, as their Interviews had never  
 been discover'd, he renew'd them as often  
 as possible, which was not a little Conso-  
 lation to him in his Afflictions ; as Love,  
 in generous Souls is augmented by Diffi-  
 culties, his Mistress shew'd so much Con-  
 cency, that he had all the Reason in the  
 world to be satisfy'd with it. Heaven,  
 who takes a pleasure in deceiving our  
 hopes and Fears, and who derides the  
 confidence of Men in their wisest Resolu-  
 tions ; order'd it so, that as his Unhap-  
 piness came from that Quarter where he  
 least expected it, so shou'd his Felicity :  
 yet, his utmost Efforts had not made  
 the least Impression on *Mathilda's* Resolu-  
 tion, not to consent to his taking her a-  
 way ; the very Instant he least expected it,  
 fortune forced her, to throw herself into  
 his Arms. Ever since *Montafilant's* Ba-  
 nishment, the Queen who guess'd at  
 the Occasion of it, did what she cou'd, to  
 make Prince *Henry* sensible of the Injus-  
 tice of his Behaviour ; but he made slight  
 answer to her Reproofs and Threats : on the con-  
 trary, as he saw his Father at a distance,  
 supported by the violence of his natural  
 temper and his Love, he was resolv'd to  
 justify it at any rate. After having in-  
 vain try'd all other Methods, without  
 considering the Consequences of such an

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Attempt ; he resolv'd to take her by force from the Monastery, but with this Precaution, of effecting it with as little Noise and Scandal as possible, and to manage it so that *Montafilant* might be accus'd with doing it, and of consequence, for fear of the Law, be oblig'd to fly for it. For this purpose, he made choice of three Men only, the most resolute and faithful in the whole Court. At the bottom of the Garden a great Distance from the Abbey was a Summer-House ; whether he had false Keys, or was let in by some boy that belong'd to the Abbey, there he got in, from whence, conveying himself to *Mathilda's* Apartment, after having left two of his People at the Door, to make the less Noise, he enter'd her Chamber attended by the third ; and forcibly seizing her, notwithstanding her Resistance, took her away. She wou'd have cry'd out, but he stopping her Mouth with a Handkerchief, hinder'd it. *Montafilant* being up and in the same Room wou'd have prevented them by her Cry ; but the Man that was with the Prince clapping a Ponyard to her Breast, threatened to kill her if she made the least Noise ; nevertheless, unwilling to forsake her Mistress, she follow'd her, and the Prince finding that she knew him, thought

was proper to carry her off too, and  
 therefore did not hinder her. Being come  
 to the Back-door, one of the Men that  
 guarded it, join'd with him, that had  
 threaten'd to ponyard her, and gagg'd her,  
 so that she cou'd not cry out : as for *Ma-*  
*thilda*, the Prince used her with a little  
 more Respect, but notwithstanding her  
 Tears and Supplications, she cou'd not  
 have avoided her evil Destiny, had it not  
 been for the lucky arrival of her Lover.  
 She was not gone to Bed, but waiting for  
 the Clock striking Twelve, which was  
 the Hour appointed for seeing him : it  
 was then but Eleven, and notwithstand-  
 ing her struggling as they dragg'd her a-  
 long to gain Time, 'twou'd have been in  
 vain : But *Montafilant*, impatient as all  
 passionate Lovers are, chose to come too  
 soon, rather than make her wait . Passing  
 therefore by the Summer-House, because  
 the Place where he used to converse with  
*Mathilda*, was near it, and hearing the  
 Door open, his Curiosity was rais'd to  
 see what it cou'd be : it was light enough  
 to discern Objects within ten or twelve  
 paces ; as soon therefore as he came near  
 it, he saw two Women bringing out by  
 force, which was plain by their efforts  
 to escape out of the hands of their Ra-  
 vishers. His Love presently inspir'd him  
 with

with the Truth of it, and distinguishing immediately who the Men were, he was transported with the utmost Rage: he foresaw it wou'd be his ruin, yet without hesitating, making at the Man that was nearest him, he ran him through the Body with his Sword, and kill'd him on the Spot: he had but one Servant on horseback with him, whom he took rather to hold his Horse, than with any thought of wanting his Assistance, for he rely'd on the secrecy of his Journey. This Man had a great deal of Courage, which on this Occasion he exerted; for valiantly seconding his Master, he vigorously attack'd another of the Ravishers. The Prince presently knew *Montafiant*, and thinking he wou'd respect his Quality, went up to him, but that Cavalier having since his Exile lost all Hopes of prevailing on him to quit *Mathilda*, answer'd him fiercely, that on any other Occasion, he wou'd die a thousand times to serve him; and that he shou'd always have the greatest Respect for him; but that it was impossible for him to consent to the carrying away of his Mistress, and that the only way to effect it, was, to kill him first. Well then, cry'd the Prince, thou shalt die by Force, me not my Lord, reply'd he, to force in my Duty to you; but set at liberty



*Mathilda*, and the Moment she's enter'd in-  
 to the Monastery, I'll deliver you up my  
 sword, but otherwise, expect to see the  
 first that offers her the least Violence, die by  
 my Hands before your Eyes. The Prince  
 said, that then he shou'd begin with him,  
 and at the same time mounting his Horse,  
 and causing *Mathilda* to be given him by  
 the other Man that had held *Clarence*, and  
 who, having shut the Door of the Sum-  
 mer-House, had let her go, he endea-  
 our'd to take her up into his Arms, *Mon-*  
*tafiant* seeing the Fellow lift *Mathilda* up,  
 ran to him, and wou'd have ran him  
 through with his Sword, but fearing to  
 wound his Mistress, he cou'd not tell  
 where to strike; for the Man knowing  
 this, oppos'd *Mathilda* to his Blows, mak-  
 ing use of her Body as a Shield. The  
 Prince being wholly intent on accom-  
 plishing his Design, and on taking *Mathil-*  
 da up before him from the Man who was  
 endeavouring to give her to him, gave  
*Montafiant* an Opportunity to seize on  
 his Sword and disarm him; for that Gen-  
 tleman fearing nothing, laid hold on his  
 Arm which he held out to receive *Ma-*  
*thilda*, and turning the Sword back in his  
 hand, wrench'd it from him. The  
 Prince finding himself thus incapacitated  
 in resisting, lost all Courage, and judg-  
 ing

of his Rival's Love by his own, dreaded provoking his Rage, if he shou'd any longer oppose him; and seeing the Man who was engag'd with *Montafiant's* Servant had his Horse kill'd under him, he resolv'd immediately to gain the Town, and return with fresh Forces, believing that *Montafiant*, embarrass'd with his Mistress, could not get so far, but that he might overtake him, or at least in revenge accuse him of the Rape, which the death of his Attendant wou'd easily prove. Thus *Montafiant* saw himself without Enemies; the Abbey-Door had been shut by the Prince's People; there was therefore no possibility of *Mathilda's* getting in again: in short, that Lover so well improv'd the Opportunity, that he prevail'd on her, to put herself into his hands. It signifies little, to repeat the Arguments *Montafiant* made use of in the little Leisure they had; they may be guess'd at, by the rage of the Prince, into whose hands, she fear'd falling, and against whose Power there could be no Security, by the Difficulties that wou'd have to see each other again, and by all the Incidents of so unlucky a Conjunction. As *Mathilda* plainly saw she must either lose her Lover, or expose herself to the greatest Dangers in the World; she was convinc'd by those they had already g

throu

through, she resolv'd to accompany him in his Flight, but upon condition, that he shou'd make no Attempt on her Honour, nor press her to marry, till she cou'd prevail on her Parents to consent. At the same time, they consulted on the Place of their Retreat, and weigh'd every thing as well as the little time they had wou'd admit of. The Governor of *Honfleur* was an intimate Friend of *Montafilant's*, and thither they resolv'd to fly; not that he design'd to expose his Friend to such apparent Danger, or draw upon him the Anger of the enraged Prince, whose Power, during the Absence of his Father, was Absolute; but he hoped as *Honfleur* was a Sea-port Town, he might from thence get to some foreign Country, before the Prince's Orders cou'd arrive; and in the mean time, make himself known to no body, but his Friend. This Design was no sooner propos'd, than accepted of by the resolute *Mathilda*; immediately therefore they took the Road to *Honfleur*: tho' it is but ten or twelve Leagues off *Caen*, there are three different Passes to it, the first is the River *Orne*, which is pass'd by a Bridge of Boats; the other, the *Diue*, where there is a Ferry-Boats; and the third, a small River a little higher, which swells so when the Sea comes

comes in, that there is no fording it but at low Water: *Montafilant* was so lucky, that all these three Passes were favourable to him. The Prince follow'd him close, but finding the Cords that held the Bridge of Boats out, where *Montafilant* had cross'd, he was forc'd to go a great way about; for as the *Ome* is broad and deep in that Place, he was oblig'd to go back again to the Bridge in the Town. In the mean time, these Lovers gain'd a great deal of Ground, and were so happy in their Misfortunes, as at their arrival at the Mouth of the River *Seyne* to find a *Flemish* Vessel, ready to set sail to some Port in *Flanders*. Recollecting that he had heard his Father *Orlando* mention his being known to *Baldwin* Count of that Province; he resolv'd, therefore, to take shelter in that Prince's Court, still preserving so great a Respect for his Master as not to go to the King of *France's*; because, the Prince and that King, having had some difference at an Interview, they had been from that time Enemies. *Montafilant* embark'd with his Mistress and *Clementia*, but first he thought it proper to give his Father notice of what had happen'd, and their Design, that he might supply 'em in their Flight: for this Reason, he sent back the Man who had



courageously assisted him, and inform'd  
 him of every thing; *Osmond*, (for that was  
 his Name) being prudent, took a great  
 compass in going back, and by that  
 means avoided the People the Prince had  
 dispatch'd on all sides, to seize on him and  
 his Master; the next day he arriv'd at  
 the Castle of *Montafilant*, where he found  
 the good *Orlando*, who fondly lov'd his  
 Son, and had heard of the taking away of  
*Mathilda*, in very great uneasiness: being  
 surpriz'd of his Design and Health by *Os-*  
*mond*, whether he foresaw that the Tem-  
 pest wou'd fall on him, or that he cou'd  
 live without his beloved Son, he re-  
 solv'd immediately to follow him; because  
 the Count of *Flanders* did indeed very  
 much esteem him, and wou'd for his  
 sake, better receive his Son and *Mathilda*.  
 The Conqueror's Wife, was that Count's  
 daughter, and old *Montafilant* had been  
 his Ambassador to him by the King of  
*England*, when as yet, he was only Duke  
 of *Normandy*, to treat of his Marriage  
 with that Princess: 'twas by this means,  
 that *Montafilant's* Father was known to  
 the Count, and saw himself very much  
 lov'd by him, as well on account of the  
 excellent Qualities he was master of, as  
 because having a great deal of Address,  
 without prejudicing his Master's Interests,  
 he

he found several Opportunities during his negotiating that Affair, to oblige the Queen and her Father. Abandoning therefore all his Estate, and charging himself with all the Diamonds and Money he cou'd, he made to the nearest Port from whence he past into *Flanders* with much Diligence, that *Montafilant* and *Mathilda* were got to *Ghent*, the Place that had appointed *Osmund* to come to 'em, but two Days before the good old Man and that faithful Servant arriv'd there, but they were no sooner there, than they were inform'd, that the Count was dangerously ill, and they were so unhappy that that Prince, from whom they expected so much Protection, died three Days afterwards. This was a terrible Addition to the rest of their Misfortune, the Courage of that unhappy Lover, stagger'd at this Conjunction; he was most distracted, not on his own account but on theirs, whom he so passionately lov'd, and whom he saw plung'd in these Difficulties on his account: notwithstanding all that they cou'd shew his Father, to shew his Courage, and *Mathilda* to convince him, that the Passion she had for him was proof against the worst that cou'd befall her, he cou'd not be comforted; neither is it possible

receive, what Complaints his afflicted  
 fate inspir'd him with; but Fortune was  
 not satisfy'd, with having thrown him in-  
 to this Distress. Apprehending that he  
 wou'd not be able now to find any Sup-  
 port in that Court against Prince *Henry*,  
 and the King his Father, who in all pro-  
 bability wou'd interest himself in the  
 quarrel, on the account of Count *Bessin*,  
 who as his Enemy and *Mathilda's* Heir,  
 wou'd not fail to join in persecuting 'em;  
 they thought it proper in time, to look out  
 for another Azyle. *Montafiant's* and *Ma-*  
*thilda's* Ancestors were come from *Den-*  
*mark* with *Rollo* the first Duke of *Norman-*  
*dy*, which was still fresh in every body's  
 memory; for the greatest Part of the No-  
 ble Families of that time, still kept up a  
 correspondence with the Places from  
 whence they had their Origin. Old *Mon-*  
*tafiant* knew he had some Relations there;  
 and in Misfortunes, they are not always  
 without Friends, yet he resolv'd, that they  
 wou'd go and take Refuge with them:  
 but they were no sooner embark'd, than  
 they were attack'd by a furious Tempest,  
 in which, they were a thousand times  
 reduc'd to the last Extremity; their Ship  
 lost its Masts and Rudder, and after  
 having been toss'd about by the Waves  
 in this wretched Condition, for the space  
 of

of two Days, as if Fortune had been afraid they shou'd not sufficiently feel the Effects of her Anger; she no sooner sav'd 'em out of this Danger, but she plung'd 'em into a greater: all that the Sea had that's terrible, seem'd to combine against 'em. As soon as these unhappy Lovers thought they had escap'd the Storm, they saw the Vessel attack'd by a *Corfsair*, who had all the Advantages, that was possible for a large Man of War to have over a small Merchant Ship: *Montafilant*, would have gladly laid hold of this Opportunity to put an end to his unhappy Life; but his Regard for *Mathilda*, moderated his Despair; on the other hand, he saw his Father and her so indifferent about Life and Death so much to be desir'd by them, that he knew not what to say to 'em, what to resolve on: but the *Corfsairs* did not allow him much leisure to think, whatever efforts he made to encourage his few Men in his Ship: they were so terrified with the Strength of their Enemies, and so fatigu'd with the Tempest, that he cou'd not inspire 'em with generous Resolution. The *Corfsairs* in a moment made themselves Masters of his Ship, and carry'd every thing that was valuable out of it, into their own: What had hitherto happen'd to these unfortunate



ers, was nothing, in comparison to the extremity they were now reduc'd to. The *corsair* who had taken them, was a *Scotchman*, very much dreaded at Sea, and in great favour with the King of *Scotland* his Master. The Ship these Lovers were on, was *Dutch*, and at that time, the Count, who was Sovereign of *Holland*, was at War with the King of *Scotland*: notwithstanding all that *Montafilant* would alledge of their being Subjects of *France*, they were declared lawful Prize, and a very great Ransom set upon them, though they were in all appearance, Persons of quality. They had agreed among themselves, to profess themselves *French*, knowing the Friendship that subsisted between those two Crowns, and fearing if they declared their true Country and names, the News of their ill Fortune might reach *England*, where the Count of *Artois* might imploy the Interest of the King his Master, with the King of *Scotland*, between whom there was Peace, so they should fall into the hands of their Enemies; but this Artifice did not succeed: The King of *Scotland* willing to know their names, order'd them, till they paid their Ransom, to be imprison'd in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, of which that Count was Governour. All that they

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cou'd

cou'd do, was to write to their Relations,  
 and get *Osmond* to be allow'd to go and  
 see if they wou'd not assist 'em; but he soon  
 return'd with the worst of News: he  
 brought them back Advice, that all their  
 Estates had been confiscated and given to  
 the Count of *Bessin*, and that *Montafiant*  
 was out-law'd, that he had found such  
 Coolness among their Friends and Rela-  
 tions, that of 'em all together, he cou'd  
 only get so inconsiderable a Sum, that  
 'twas not sufficient to pay half their Ran-  
 som. How was *Montafiant* transported  
 with Grief, at seeing his Mistress in  
 great a Misfortune on his account, and  
 his Father at his age reduc'd to the Mi-  
 sery of a Prison, purely for his Tenderne-  
 ss for him; he express'd so piercing a Sor-  
 row, that to prevent its turning to de-  
 spair, *Mathilda* and his fond Father en-  
 deavour'd to forget their own Afflictions  
 to comfort him; his Mistress shew'd him  
 so much Constancy, and his Father  
 so much Affection, that they seem'd to re-  
 joice in their Unhappiness, since at least  
 they were not in the power of their En-  
 mies: Love and Friendship made them  
 only sensible of each other's Sorrow, and  
 even in this Extremity they had the Sa-  
 tisfaction of being together: the Pleasure  
 of seeing each other daily, was some  
 relief.

deviation of their Misfortunes; but the inveterate Malice of Fortune wou'd not long allow them that Comfort.

The Captain, whose Prisoners they were; savage and brutal as Men of his Profession generally are, was no ways touch'd with *Mathilda's* Charms, her Beauty and Merit made no Impression on him: yet being very much self-interested, he bethought himself, that if the King's Favourite, who was young and amorous, and a most accomplish'd Courtier, were to fall in love with that beautiful Lady, who was at his Disposal, 'twou'd, in all Probability, be the means of making his Fortune. *Montrose*, that was the Favourite's Name, was endow'd with the finest Qualities; but what chiefly induced the *Corfsair* to endeavour to ingratiate himself with him, was, that he govern'd the King so absolutely, that to please him, was the most certain Method to gain Preferment at Court: he began by often talking to him of the Beauty of his Prisoner, and after having several times laid Snares for his Liberty, by the Reports he made to him of that fair Creature's Charms, he took his Opportunity one day, when the King and *Montrose* were in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, to prevail on him to go and visit her. Till then, that Fa-

avourite had truly lov'd nothing but his Fortune and Pleasures; but he was so lively touch'd with the Beauty of *Matilda*, that if he did not immediately conceive the most violent Passion for her, the sight of her had such an Effect on him, that thenceforward he cou'd talk of nothing else. The Captain no sooner saw him captivated, than he began to set a greater Value on his Prize; at the same time giving him to understand, that he wish'd for nothing so much as an Opportunity, to shew the Zeal he had for his Service.

On the other hand, the King lov'd his Favourite so blindly, that the greatest Pleasure he cou'd have, was to make him Master of every thing he wish'd for; so that as soon as he knew of his Passion for the fair Stranger, he advis'd him to gratify it at any rate: but yet it so happen'd that the Favourite had as much Generosity and Honour, as the King had Violence and Inconsiderateness; so that *Matilda's* Virtue actuating on so noble a Subject, soon had an Effect, worthy of her and it. Tho' *Montrose* did not at first assume the Resolution of marrying her, yet he resolv'd not to gain her by any ungenerous Method; his first thoughts were to set at Liberty her, and the two *Mont*



*astilants*, who pass'd for her Father and  
 Brother ; (for as soon as they began to  
 suspect any thing of *Montrose's* Passion,  
 they agreed upon that, apprehending  
 with Reason, that the first thing that Fa-  
 vourite wou'd do, wou'd be to remove  
 his Rival, if he shou'd know him to be  
 so, tho' perhaps, as the Event shew'd,  
 he wou'd have been generous enough to  
 have acted otherwise.) If his Love had fol-  
 low'd the Dictates of his Generosity only,  
 this was what he wou'd have done, and  
 have heap'd up Riches on those Prisoners ;  
 but a Confidant of his, to whom he al-  
 ways discover'd his thoughts, hinder'd  
 him, by the following Reasons. What  
 are you going to do ? *said he to him* : You  
 see with what coldness that Prisoner re-  
 ceives the Tender of your Services ; if you  
 give her her Liberty, perhaps she'll make  
 use of it to escape from you : How do  
 you know but she has, in her own Country,  
 a Lover for whom she wou'd contemn  
 her Fortune ? No, my Lord, a gentle  
 constraint has a greater Effect on the  
 Minds of most Women, than all the Ob-  
 ligations that can possibly be laid on them :  
 you must soften the rigour of her's, her  
 Father's and Brother's Captivity by all  
 imaginable good Usage ; let her know  
 that every thing is at her disposal, ex-

cept her own Person, but you expect that to be given to you, in return for all the Favours you shall bestow on her; let her be serv'd with the greatest State and Magnificence; endeavour in every thing to please her Vanity; in short, gild her Chains and her Prison, but let her still remain there till she's yours. By these Words, or the like, *Gilthon* (for that was the Confidant's Name) stifled the generous Sentiments of his Master: that Master had a great Power over him, and as he had a great deal of Address, and that *Montrose* had always found his Counsel to succeed, he very much relyed on him; besides, consulting the Interest of his Lover notwithstanding his Generosity, he entered into the force of his Arguments, and thought 'twou'd be better, to be a little less praised, and more happy: so that whatever Civility and Complaisance he company'd the Proceedings of this new Lover, *Mathilda* cou'd not help being alarm'd at it; and notwithstanding the Confidence that *Montafiant* had in his Mistress's Fidelity, he cou'd not be without his Fears; for Love's a timorous and suspicious Deity.

*Montrose* was somewhat younger than him, perfectly agreeable both in Mind and Person, held in great veneration for his

age and Probity; he seem'd to be more King  
 than the King himself, so that *Montafilant*  
 in the wretched Circumstances he was in  
 had great reason to be uneasy at his having  
 a Rival of so much Merit, besides his Me-  
 mory supply'd him with several Examples  
 of the Instability of Man's Happiness.  
 His Master had broke his Faith with him,  
 and violated the Friendship he had pro-  
 mised him, after so many Assurances of the  
 contrary: but certainly *Mathilda's* Soul  
 was very different from that of the Prince;  
 from the very first Moment she was ac-  
 quainted with this new Passion, that she  
 might not give her Lover the least reason  
 to be uneasy, she did nothing without  
 his and his Father's Advice. So that in  
 this unlucky Conjunction they all three  
 shar'd each other's disquiets, which is cer-  
 tainly not a little consolation to the Af-  
 flicted, such is the efficacy of true Friend-  
 ship. All that *Montrose* said or did to ex-  
 press his Passion, was told to *Montafilant*. In  
 short, if there's any Pleasure in seeing a Ri-  
 val more Powerful and Fortunate than  
 ourselves sacrificed to us, *Montafilant* en-  
 joy'd it. As they had agreed in their little  
 Council, that if that Passion which was so  
 full of Respect was rightly managed, it  
 might be a Means of delivering them from  
 their

their Captivity, they had resolv'd not  
provoke it by ill Treatment.

Whatever Letters *Mathilda* receiv'd from  
*Montrose*, 'twas his Rival that answer'd 'em  
so that 'twas always in his power to re-  
nder him unhappier than himself : but if  
gave him any Pain, he himself had his share  
of it. We may easily believe that *Mathilda*'s  
Answers were not the most favourable  
whether in their Conversations, where they  
were premeditated, or in her Letters that  
*Montafilant* dictated. Under whatsoever  
Words it was disguiz'd, 'twas still Rigour  
but yet this Commerce so well concerted  
had so much Wit in it, which, added to  
the modest Reservedness of *Mathilda*, still  
more and more inflam'd *Montrose*'s Heart.  
*Montafilant* saw, notwithstanding all his  
Arts, nothing but wretchedness to him  
could be the Consequence of the Passion  
of so powerful a Rival ; for what Love  
who had every thing entirely at his own  
disposal, could preserve his Patience unpro-  
vok'd for ever ? *Montrose* might boast  
having done every thing to deserve her  
Love, we cannot therefore be surpriz'd  
he did not always overcome the greatness  
of his Passion which he plainly perceiv'd  
to be despis'd : he intreated, sigh'd and sup-  
plicated, but he sometimes proceeded even  
to Threats, when he took the King's Advice



then coming to himself again, and rather  
 losing her Rigour than her Anger, he re-  
 sisted to Intreaties and Repentance ; so  
 desperate with Love, yet restrain'd by  
*Mathilda's* Modesty, he found himself cruelly  
 surpris'd by an invincible Passion. The Poli-  
 cy of his Confidant, who remonstrated to him  
 the Prisoners abus'd his Good-nature,  
 Humour of the King, who still counsel'd  
 to make use of Violence, made him  
 sometimes take strange Resolutions ; but his  
 generosity continually combated them, so  
 that at last he fell dangerously ill: in the Tran-  
 sents of his Fever, he had nothing in his  
 mind but the Name of the Beautiful Cap-  
 tivity, for so she was call'd at Court ; full of  
 Despair, his Answers to the Physicians  
 were only such as Love generally  
 makes to unhappy Lovers. So that if the  
 King had not before known of his Passion,  
 the Report the Physicians made to him of  
 his illness must have inform'd him of it ; be-  
 cause, being almost all day long in his  
 Chamber himself, he was an Eye-Witness  
 of his Despair, 'Tis scarce to be conceiv'd  
 what a degree his Brutality transported  
 the King, when the Physicians told him of  
 the Danger his Favourite was in. Without  
 any Consideration for *Mathilda's*  
 Honour and Virtue, which was the innocent  
 cause of the Death he so much dreaded, he  
 immediately

immediately order'd them to be more closely confin'd ; for since *Montrose's* Passions they were upon their Parole, and had the whole Castle of *Edinburgh* for their Prison yet not contenting himself with this severe and unjust Treatment, he order'd them to be told, that if his Favourite died, they were to expect no Mercy. By chance *Montrose's* Illness at the end of seven or eight Days abating, he learnt with a great deal of Grief what the King's Friendship for him had made him do to the two Strangers and his Mistress ; he sent to make his excuses to them, and to beg the King to reverse so unjust a Sentence ; but all he could allege gain'd no other Answer from him, than that he expected *Mathilda* should restore him his Favourite, whom she was on the point of depriving him of, and that she would not only give her her Liberty, but there was nothing he would not do for her. This Answer, so contrary to his Sentiments, had like to have redoubled his Sickness, but had not *Gilthon's* Advice moderated his concern, this interval of his Fever would not have lasted long ; but he by his careful Management did not a little contribute to calm his Soul : he remonstrated to him, that he ought to be satisfied with having his hand in so severe a Proceeding, that he had long enough used gentle Methods,

at he had now an opportunity to try whe-  
 ther the King's harsh Proceeding would  
 be of greater Service to him. By de-  
 grees he made him relish his Counsel, and so  
 reviving his half-dead Hopes, he seem'd to  
 inspire his Body, as well as Love, with new  
 life. By his Advice he sent for *Montafiant*,  
 whom he took for his Mistress's Brother,  
 his Rival ; and as he had not Strength  
 enough to speak to him himself, he order'd  
 that his Confidant should entertain him in  
 the manner they had before agreed on,  
 which was in these Terms : Stranger (*said*  
*Althou to him*) you see to what a deplora-  
 ble Condition this too faithful Lover is re-  
 duced, 'tis this makes us have recourse to  
 you : tho' your Sister is innocently so, yet  
 all she is the cause of this Misfortune  
 with which we're threatned ; through her  
 the King and all *Scotland* are in danger of  
 losing all that's dear to 'em : if you do  
 not dissuade her from the Resolution she  
 seems to have taken, I will not mention the  
 good or ill that will befall you ; you can't  
 be sensible of the one, by the hitherto  
 obliging and generous Proceeding of the  
 famous *Montrose* : and if the Condition  
 you are in, and the Power of the King can-  
 not make you apprehend the other, you  
 may easily foresee what it will be when the  
 cruelty of your Sister and your Imprudence  
 wil

will not avert the Storm that hangs over your heads. *Montrose*, incapable of Speech keeping his Eyes fix'd on him whom he thought *Mathilda's* Brother, accompanied this Discourse with such melancholy Looks that must have touch'd any other than *Montafilant*; but he was so surpriz'd at this unlook'd for Adventure, that all his thoughts were taken up in considering how to form an answer; the Death which he saw written on the Face of that unhappy sick Man, putting him in mind of the danger his Mistress, Father and Self were expos'd to through the King's Cruelty, (which he had already experienced) strangely alarm'd him. But yet even at that instant his Love and Jealousy did not forsake him; sensible of what he really was, he could not but blush at the Proposition he foresaw would be made him; but yet he did not dare to make himself known, or to answer as became his Birth and Quality; that would have been at once undoing all that their Policy had advis'd 'em to, in order to lessen their Ransom and keep them together. In this disorder summoning all his Reason to his aid, he endeavour'd to interrupt *Gilthon*, and prevent the much dreaded Proposal. Hold Sir, cry he, make not an ill use of our Captivity and do not talk to me in a manner unworthy of me: were the Beauty of my Sister capable



of reducing your Master to the Condition  
 I see him in, is it not enough that I do not  
 interfere with her Behaviour? ——— My  
 Lord (said he, addressing himself to *Montrose*.)  
 The noble Treatment we have receiv'd from  
 your Generosity, has so powerfully bound  
 me to you, that I would with pleasure die  
 to testify my Gratitude. Let the same Ge-  
 nerosity still prevail: through our Misfor-  
 tunes, our Lives and Persons are at your  
 disposal, but you have too much Honour to  
 make any attempt on my Sister's Virtue, or  
 wound me in so sensible a part. The Tone  
 with which *Montafilant* pronounced these  
 Words, gave *Gilthon* sufficiently to un-  
 derstand, that his expedient would not have  
 the desired effect, yet he would not so soon  
 give it over. He reminded *Montafilant* of the  
 regard he ought to have for his Father and  
 Sister, and of the Peril they would be ex-  
 pos'd to; but finding that had no effect, he  
 proceeded to Threats, to try if Rigour  
 would not meet with better Success. If  
 hitherto *Montafilant* had restrain'd his Re-  
 sentment, the thoughts of his being in  
 Captivity could now no longer bridle his  
 Passion; seeing himself thus insulted, he could  
 not help telling him, that tho' he was a  
 Prisoner, he should feel his resentment, were  
 not for the Respect he ow'd to the Con-  
 dition his Master was in: at the same time  
 G turning

turning to him, Send me, my Lord, *sa*  
*he*, back to my Prison, rather than let me  
hear this Man talk to me in a manner un-  
worthy of you and me: which was imme-  
diately done. From that time the Favourite  
Illness increas'd, and the King being appriz-  
of *Montafilant's* Answer and *Mathilda's* Re-  
lution, order'd them be treated with the  
worst of usage. This Cruelty making them  
apprehend still greater, drove *Montafilant*  
to despair; for the Age of his Father not be-  
ing able to support so many shocking Afflic-  
tions, he every moment dreaded his Death.  
In the mean time, *Montrose* grew so bad  
that every body thought him at the point  
of Death: The Prisoners learn'd this News  
with the utmost Grief; if the Threats  
the King had not given them the great  
uneasiness imaginable; that Lover and  
enemy together, was Master of so many fine  
Qualities, and had show'd so much Respect  
in his proceedings, that 'twas impossible  
Persons of their Generosity not to be touch'd  
with his Death, tho' he was the occasion  
of their being so wretched; but what had  
still a greater Effect on 'em, was, that at the  
same time that one of their Guards told  
them that piece of bad News, a Page  
*Montrose's* came with a Letter for *Mathilda*  
and told her that his Master being given  
over by the Physicians, had call'd for Pap-

and after having with a great deal of Difficulty writ that Letter, had commanded him to bring it to her. *Mathilda* calling the old *Montafilant*, her pretended Father, to be present when she open'd it, read as follows.

*Beautiful Stranger, I'm very sensible that I must die, not because the Physicians forsake me, but because I'm abandon'd by you. Fortune and Fate seem'd to have promis'd me true Happiness, but that was not in their power without your Assistance: 'twas only you that cou'd have made me live happy, yet 'tis you alone, that have occasion'd my dying wretched ! It is therefore to obey you that I lay down Life ; happy, if by so doing I can arrive at the Felicity I have always thought consist'd in the pleasing you, and wretched that I cou'd not resist it, by the most violent Passion that ever man felt.*

*Montafilant* approaching, whilst *Mathilda* was reading, they were all three extremely affected with it, particularly she and his Father ; insomuch, that out of pure Generosity, not from any fear of the misfortunes his Death wou'd draw upon them, they perswaded *Mathilda* to treat him with less Rigour ; and having put

a Pen into her Hand, oblig'd her to return this Answer.

*SO* far from being the Cause of your Death I shou'd with the greatest Regret bear the Loss of the most generous of Men.—Wrote to Heaven, my Lord, 'twere in my power, avert so dreadful an Accident; tho' at the expence of my Life, you shou'd not see me breathe a Moment, I have so lively a Sense of your Goodness, and esteem you so much. But my Lord, judge better of yourself, and do not believe that the most miserable Person in the World, can any ways contribute to the Felicity of one, who in all appearance is the happiest.—Live to experience it, and if I have a Power over you, to oblige me, resume your Health, for you may assure yourself, 'tis what I ardently wish for.

Tho' one wou'd have thought, that the Letter shou'd not have been sufficient to have cured Montrose, yet he had no sooner receiv'd it, than he felt some Relief; and continued mending the three or four following days: but if the Prisoners began to rejoice, they did not long do so, when they saw that Fortune had taken them out of that Strait, only to throw them into one more dangerous, and such a one that their inveterate Enemy, who had

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ways pu su'd them, with such implacable  
 Rage, seem'd now to have vented the very  
 utmost of her industrious Malice. Whether  
 Montrose's Recovery, was owing to  
 the Hopes he conceiv'd from the Design,  
 which perhaps he had projected during  
 his Illness, or whether that Design ow'd  
 its birth to his Despair; but he no sooner  
 found himself able to talk, than he sent  
 for Montafiant, who being come, he or-  
 der'd every body to retire out of his  
 Chamber, and address'd himself to him in  
 this manner: Whatever Inducement I  
 have to flatter myself, that I am not en-  
 tirely abandon'd by my good Fortune,  
 yet the only Reason I had for begging the  
 favour of this Visit, was, to tell you,  
 that I expect my Health from you only.  
 — From me, my Lord, cry'd out Mon-  
 tasant interrupting him, alas! how can I  
 possibly be happy enough to effect that?  
 yes, from you, reply'd Montrose; but  
 give me leave to explain myself without  
 interruption, while my Illness permits:  
 I own I was to blame, to let Gilthon talk  
 to you as he did, but I beg you to im-  
 pute it to the Zeal of an affectionate  
 friend, and the Despair I was then in.  
 I assure you, that your Misfortunes and  
 captivity, have not hinder'd me from hav-  
 ing the Regard that yours and your Sis-

ter's Merit wou'd exact even from the  
 most barbarous. I have discover'd some-  
 thing in her and you, that tells me your  
 Quality is superior to what you own  
 and I believe that neither she, your Fa-  
 ther, or self, can accuse me of any unge-  
 nerous Usage. *Montafiant* answer'd this  
 Discourse by profound Submissions, and  
 cou'd not refrain sometimes, from interrup-  
 ting him by Words, which shew'd, that he  
 desir'd he wou'd put an end to this long  
 Preface, and coming to the Point, let him  
 know what it was he exacted of him. Upon  
 which, *Montrose* pausing a little to recover  
 his Breath, as one who spoke with a great  
 deal of Difficulty, at length continu'd  
 thus: What I require of you, generous  
 Stranger, is not any Action unworthy  
 you, neither indeed is it any thing that  
 might not myself propose to your Sister  
 were I able to wait on her; 'tis yours and  
 your Father's Liberty I offer you, and  
 share my Fortune; in short, 'tis to desire  
 you to prevail on her, to accept of me  
 a Husband: I have always met with  
 much Indifference in her, that I expect  
 from your Counsel, and the Consideration  
 she has for her Father, that which my Ser-  
 vices cou'd never obtain: I believe you are  
 sensible that the greatest in this King-  
 dom, wou'd seek for what I myself propo-

to you ; but I won't endeavour to magnify  
 your Sister's Conquest;—go and con-  
 sult with her, tho', to confess the Truth,  
 I expect most from you : yet as I am not  
 oblig'd to have so much Consideration for  
 you, as the Passion with which she has  
 inspir'd me, has given me for her ; be not  
 offended if I tell you, that this is the on-  
 ly means by which you and your Father  
 can ever recover your Liberties ; my Fate  
 is at your disposal, if you give me her  
 on whom alone my Life depends, what  
 may you not expect from my Gratitude ?  
 But if you and your Sister are inexorable,  
 you well know you can't so much as  
 hope for any Mercy from the King.

*Montafiant* was so astonish'd at this  
 Proposal, that he was unable to make a-  
 ny reply ; he was distracted with too ma-  
 ny different Passions, to be capable of  
 coming to any Resolution ; *Montrose* easily  
 perceiv'd the trouble he was in, but was  
 far from guessing at the true Cause, and  
 attributing it only to his Surprise, at so  
 unexpected a piece of good Fortune for  
 him and his Sister ; Go, repeated he, find-  
 ing he did not answer, go and consider of this  
 in your Leisure, and tell your Sister that  
 she may be assur'd from her own Merit  
 and Beauty, of my inviolably keeping my  
 Word ; and that from the Misery of a  
 Prison,

Prison, you and she may become the most considerable Persons in this Nation. Having spoke these Words, he left him, leave you to judge, if there ever was Man so cruelly tormented as that unhappy Lover; 'twas very well that his Rival bade him examine his Proposal at leisure for he wanted a great deal of Time to think on what he was to do, or how to behave himself towards *Mathilda*: he resolv'd not to go directly to her, but shutting himself up in his Chamber, staid there till Evening, when he sent her word that *Montrose* having desir'd it, he had been with him: but the Moment he arriv'd, his Fever had increas'd so very much, that he had not been able to speak to him. In this wretched Condition, abandoning himself to his Grievs, he vented them in the most melancholy Expressions. O cruel Fortune! *said he*, how ingenious are you in persecuting me?—Oh *Mathilda*!—Oh my Father!—Ah cruel Rival! thou art happier, tho' in the Arms of Death, than I am.—What Recompence can you make me, for what you are about to deprive me of? How shou'd I scorn your Favours, and despise your Threats, if *Mathilda* and my Father were not in your power? But oh my Father! who hast too tenderly lov'd me

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and oh *Mathilda* ! whom I too fondly  
 love ! Was I born only for your Ruin ?  
 Or, were you given to me, only to add  
 Weight to my Afflictions ? Thus did he  
 pass the Evening ; and Night being come,  
 resigning to be out of order, and to want  
 Rest, he went to Bed ; but being alone  
 in his Chamber, he got up again ; and  
 walking about in the most violent Ago-  
 nies, sometimes furious ; then again,  
 sunk with excess of Grief ; sometimes, in-  
 voking all the heavenly Powers to his Af-  
 fluence, and then accusing them of In-  
 justice ; he cou'd not tell who to blame  
 for his Misfortunes, they seem'd to be so  
 dependant on each other. Whether he  
 shou'd impute them to the unjust Parti-  
 sity of the King of *England*, or to the  
 faithlessness of his Master ; for if he tra-  
 ced Things back a great way, they both  
 seem'd to be the Causes of the Extremity  
 he was then reduc'd to. But amongst all  
 his different Thoughts, Love still prevail-  
 ed ; Ah too amiable *Mathilda*, wou'd he  
 say, alas ! how cou'd I have thought, I  
 shou'd have been afflicted at knowing  
 you ? Yet it's but too true, that in my  
 present unhappy Condition, I ought to  
 wish I had never known you ; since now,  
 I must either lose you, or make you most  
 wretched, and be guilt yof my Father's  
 Death !

Death!—Ah! no, first let the whole World perish, rather than I will abandon you, or give you any Counsel that wadding.—Love, charming *Mathilda* love my happy Rival; if Interest has power enough over your Mind, to make you guilty of the greatest Infidelity that ever was committed, or if the being weary of a Prison can induce you to disengage yourself from the Vows you have so solemnly given me, of inviolable Truth but let me first become the Horror of Mankind, and be pointed at as a most consummate Wretch, rather than be myself the Instrument of my own Ruin!—Already have you too much suffer'd, O *Mathilda*, and too well known the greatest Difficulties, now poorly submit to the Apprehensions of the severest Fate: as I judge of the firmness of your Love by mine, I rely upon your Constancy and Courage; nor do I think you will be offended at what I do, when you see me share your Misery.—Forgive me therefore, O my venerable Father, for give me, if . . . . But what am I saying! cry'd he, (interrupting himself, and thinking on the Resolution his Passion inspir'd him with.) Hold, impious and sacrilegious Tongue; pronounce not, while I am still uncertain, and blacken not your

with a Crime my Heart has not yet commit-  
 ted. — At the same time, an Infinity  
 of Thoughts tormented him, and made  
 him change his Mind: they represented to  
 him the weak Condition to which the  
 Prison and extreme old Age, had already  
 reduced his Father; the hazard he ran of  
 seeing his *Mathilda* and him perish in a  
 Captivity, that wou'd be certainly ren-  
 der'd insupportable; and on the other  
 hand, the Prosperity they wou'd enjoy,  
 he cou'd but prevail on himself to con-  
 sent to the Marriage of *Mathilda*, with  
 one who so intirely engross'd the King's  
 Favour: and as he was by Nature gene-  
 rous, and truly sensible of the Tenderneſs  
 his Father had always shown him; taking  
 advice of his Reason, which in its turn  
 ſubdu'd the Empire of his Soul and ſi-  
 lenc'd his Paſſion: How dreadful is the  
 Choice I have, *continu'd he*, to ſee my  
 Father and *Mathilda* periſh, or plung'd  
 into the extremeſt Miſery, and myſelf  
 render'd the moſt unfortunate of Men! —  
 How can I ſee you, beautiful *Mathilda*, in  
 the Poſſeſſion of another? Or, how bear  
 your's and my Father's eternal Captivity,  
 and at the ſame time, think it was once  
 in my power to break your Chains, but  
 had not Courage enough to do it? No, no,  
 ſooner will I tear my Paſſion from my  
 Heart,

Heart, than let a Father perish, who had liv'd happy, had he not lov'd me too well. Rather die, wretched *Montafiant*, than any longer suffer the Divine *Mathilda* to languish! What success can my Passion expect, but to make us all three miserable. Or why, if I consult my Reason, should I dread Death? Can it be disagreeable to me, when by it I have preserv'd my Father's Life, and made *Mathilda* happy. Through me you shall reign, since I can have no other wise occasion your Felicity.— It shall not be, that your Faith, which you once gave me, perhaps imprudently shall make me tyrannize over you, I will be more just; and since I have a thousand times sworn to die, to render your Life happy, can I refuse this Opportunity? I shall then be at liberty to seek Death, and revenge myself on my Enemies; and when I have no one's Misery but my own to dread, I shall have more Courage than to bear it: thus at least I shall set you free, and not be guilty of my Father's Death. But, (continu'd he, thinking of his Passion which he had almost stifled) thus shall I make myself completely wretched, thus shall I lose, for ever lose you, beautiful *Mathilda*!—but otherwise you must die.—Oh cruel Love!

—Dea



notwithstanding my Misfortunes, in you  
will consists all my Felicity.

This Reflection excited great Tumults  
in his Breast; but being already inclining  
to the other side, the remembrance of so  
long a Series of Misfortunes and Disgraces,  
which seem'd to be link'd to each other, and  
his natural Piety renewing as it were the  
track, prevail'd over his Resolution, and  
entirely conquer'd him. It must be so, cry'd  
he, Death is my choice; and tho' I may not  
put an end to my Misery by my own Hands,  
yet my cruel Master will easily grant me  
that Favour of not letting the Ravisher  
of *Mathilda* linger out his Life. — In the  
mean time, O Father, worthy of a happier  
son! *Mathilda* will not abandon you; but  
when possess'd of the Fortune she so well  
deserves, will perhaps bestow one thought  
on him, who since he could not live to  
serve her, at least knew how to die to make  
her reign. When Day appear'd, it found  
him in this Resolution; and as soon as he  
thought his Mistress was awake, he enter'd  
her Chamber, and seating himself near her  
stifle'd; Ah! my dear Sister, said he, (for now  
that Name which we made use of to de-  
ceive the World, becomes me better than  
those my Love has so often dictated to me,  
and which still are so agreeable to my Heart.)

— Dearest Sister, since I no longer must

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call

call you my Divine Mistress; I must — resign you to the Rigour of my Fate, I must — lose you. — This Discourse, so little expected from *Montafilant*, pronounced with such agonizing Distraction, gave *Mathilda* the utmost uneasiness, not being able to guess at his meaning; but when he had inform'd her of the Resolution he had taken, and of the Reasons that had induced him to it, who can conceive how much the unhappy *Mathilda* was shock'd! What—cry *she to him*, (equally transported with Grief and Resentment) is this the *Montafilant* for whom I despis'd the Passion of Prince Henry? — Is this the Man whom I have follow'd from Province to Province? — for whose sake I've brav'd the Dangers of the Sea when each tempestuous Billow threaten'd to o'erwhelm us? — for whose sake even Captivity has seem'd light? — And does he at last advise me to espouse another? — Yes, Beautiful *Mathilda*, reply *he*, I am still the same, I die for Love of you, — with greater Passion doat on you and cannot bear that you should for ever be miserable on my account. — My Love is pure and disinterested, as I have a thousand times assur'd you; neither will I ever be reproach'd, that when nothing but my Death was wanting to make you happy, and free you and my Father from a

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endless Slavery, I preferr'd living and ma-  
 king you wretched with me. Ah! Cruel, *cry'd*  
 she, did you ever hear me complain of  
 my Captivity, or did I ever reproach you  
 with my Sufferings? I am as sensible as  
 you of the languishing Condition to which  
 old Age and this Prison have reduc'd your  
 Father, tho' after having forgot and forsa-  
 ken mine, my Mother and every thing that was  
 dear to me to follow you, 'tis with the  
 greatest regret I see any thing in your Heart  
 stand in competition with me: — But seek  
 no pretext for your Ingratitude and Infide-  
 lity, you are weary of dragging about with  
 Henry one so unhappy as I am, and now  
 would cover your Crime with this false  
 show of Generosity! — Oh! too obliging  
 Reproaches, *cry'd* Montafilant. Oh! agree-  
 able Cruelty: seek not to shake my Duty,  
 too, too willing to listen to the charming  
 Tempter; look into my Heart, amiable  
*Mathilda*, look there, and oblige me not  
 to lay aside the generous Design I've form'd;  
 suffer me to be miserable, but let the re-  
 ward I have for you, my Honour and my  
 Father, triumph. And can'st thou think,  
*reply'd* Mathilda, (more exasperated than e-  
 ver) that I shall run after you when you  
 will I abandon me? — I see but too much of your  
 Heart, perjur'd and unfaithful; go, and since  
 liberty is even this way acceptable to you, you  
 shall

shall be free, I'll deliver you from your Chains, and give you back your promised Faith, since 'tis not proof against the worst Events. Your Father may enjoy this high Fortune you've procur'd for me, you yourself may also reap the Advantages of it, since the Charms of Greatness have such Power over your weak and fickle Soul ; but cruelly remember what I now tell you, henceforth expect from me naught but Scorn and Hatred.

These Expressions, tho' harsh, show'd too much Love not to pierce the unhappy Montafila to the heart ; and whatever effect his Generosity might have made, doubtless he would not have been able to have withstood such Charms : already he repented, and charm'd with *Mathilda's* Courage, was going to thank her for her Constancy, and make a thousand Protestations of inviolable Love, but the first Words he spoke, *Mathilda* interrupted him in this manner. See, not to move my Pity or Compassion, my Resolution is taken as well as yours : I will marry your Rival, since you have given me so much reason to forget you ; the greatest difficulty is over, for I still confess to assuming my Heart from you requir'd a greater effort than the bestowing it on him : but since you have effected that, and have oblig'd me to cease loving you, which once thought impossible, I shall easily per-



you prevail on myself to love another, who has too many fine Qualities not to be amiable to whoever loves not you. Go, and carry the answer you have promis'd, and become in earnest my Brother, since you have forgot you was my Lover. *Montafilant* would have interrupted her here, but *Mathilda's* Passion would not give him leave; and all he could do, could not prevail on her to alter her Design: so that partly by force, partly by reason of the Motives of his first Resolution, he found himself oblig'd to yield up his Mistress; but yet unable to carry the News to his happy Rival, feigning Sickness, he sent for *Montrose's* Confidant, and telling him somewhat of *Mathilda's* Resolution, desir'd him to wait on her to be more particularly inform'd of her Sentiments. She being still enrag'd with the thoughts of *Montafilant's* abandoning her, told *Gilthon* that *Montrose* did her too much Honour, and that she would receive his Addresses. Thus in a moment that Favourite renforc'd his Strength, and the wretched *Montafilant* fell into a much more dangerous Condition; he again went to *Mathilda*, but she repuls'd him: Can you think, said she to him, that I will marry another, and consent to your seeing me? No, find your advantage in the splendour

of my Fortune; but don't any more pretend to my receiving your Visits or listning to you. Nothing that *Montafilant* could alledge, could shake her Resolution; so that the time requisite for *Montrose's* recovering his Health, and making the necessary preparations for his Marriage, being expir'd, the appointed Day came which in all appearance was to be that wretched Lover's last. *Mathilda* had receiv'd the Visits of the King and all his Court; the transporting Joy that *Montrose* felt, had restor'd him to his good Mien; but certainly if his Love for *Mathilda* could have been any ways affected by an alteration in her Beauty, it would for notwithstanding her utmost efforts, and resolution, she could not see this last Day approach, without feeling the most poignant Grief. The Prisoners had already receiv'd their Liberty, and *Mathilda* was lodged in an Apartment of the Palace with the King's Daughter, 'till she should be carry'd to the magnificent House of *Montrose*. The Favourite, who entirely possess'd his Master's Heart, might have married that Princess had he not found more Charms in this Beautiful Stranger; 'twas therefore with extreme uneasiness that she saw the Marriage approach, for the Person of the Favourite was such, and Fortune so en-

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altered, that Queens must with regret have  
 seen another preferr'd to them. Thus  
 this Wedding made a great many un-  
 happy, and only one pleas'd. *Montafilant*  
 entirely abandon'd himself to his Despair,  
 fortifying himself in his first Resolution  
 of returning and exposing himself to his  
 Master's Indignation, as soon as he had  
 taken his last leave of *Mathilda*; but she  
 would not admit of it, and that wretched  
 Lover was forced to wait, rack'd with  
 the Pangs of Death, for the Day that  
 was to make his Rival so happy, not da-  
 ring to approach his Mistress, who as the  
 time grew near, was more and more ex-  
 asperated; but yet whatever Severity she  
 affected to punish her Lover, she could  
 not but feel a great share of the Grief  
 she gave. The Evening before that Day  
 which was to be so fatal, throwing her-  
 self on her Bed, and having no body in  
 her Chamber but *Clemence*, after having  
 shed a torrent of Tears, which the  
 presence of those who had all that  
 day visited her, had till then restrain'd;  
 Ah! my dear *Clemence*, cry'd she, how  
 wretched am I, that I cannot die with  
 Grief, since I very much fear I shall not  
 be Mistress of my Despair. — Oh! ye  
 mighty Powers, who thus cruelly per-  
 secute me, enable me to bear the weight  
 of

of my Afflictions, and suffer me not to  
 give way to the Transports of my Rage  
 by laying violent hands on myself. *Cle-  
 mence*, who perhaps was wearied out with  
 these Calamities, and could not help be-  
 ing flatter'd with the advantages she  
 should reap from her Mistress's great For-  
 tune, endeavour'd to comfort her as much as  
 possible, not but that she pity'd poor  
*Montafilant*; but whether 'twas for the  
 reason I now mention'd, or that she stir-  
 red her Compassion the better to per-  
 suade her Mistress to a Marriage she could  
 not possibly avoid, she strove, by re-  
 minding her Mistress of her past Mis-  
 fortunes, to exaggerate the Joy she ought  
 now to have in getting into a safe Harbour  
 after having been tost about in so many  
 Storms: but whatever she could alledge  
*Mathilda* continued inconsolable. At length  
 the Day came, and *Mathilda* was forc'd to  
 suffer herself to be dress'd for so solemn a  
 Festival. *Montrose* employ'd upon that oc-  
 casion all that could be expected from his  
 Master's and his own Riches, she was  
 adorn'd with all the Jewels of the Crown  
 and the richest Robes that Magnificence  
 could invent; but she suffer'd all these  
 be put on her as a Victim that is dress'd  
 out for the Sacrifice; this was her own  
 Thoughts: but her first Lover, who was  
 oblig'd



obliged to be witness of this Pomp, on account of the part he acted, look'd on himself as the miserable Victim. He followed *Mathilda* to the Temple, but with such visible Uneasiness, that if he had not disguiz'd his Concern under the pretence of being sick, or if his Rival had not been so entirely taken up with his approaching Happiness, that he had not room to make any reflections, he would doubtless have perceiv'd that the Prisoner did but little relish his Liberty, and that the Brother interested himself but strangely in his Sister's good Fortune. On the other side, *Mathilda* very much repented of what she had done, when she saw the sorrow and grief that was written in *Montafiant's* Countenance : As for him, he would have thrown himself at his Rival's Feet, and have told him the truth of his Condition, and have begg'd Death at his hands, rather than to let the Ceremony proceed. Could they have been able to have consulted together what was to be done at this terrible Conjunction, doubtless they would not thus have consented to their own Misery. — At last the Hour came, *Montrose* giving his Hand to *Mathilda*, in presence of all the Court, led her to the altar, where the Bishop of *Edinburgh* waited,

ed, who was appointed to marry them — But I will no longer keep the Reader in uncertainty, and the unhappy *Montrose* in his extreme uneasiness : As soon as the Ceremonies were begun, at the instant that *Montrose* gave the Ring and his Hand to his Mistress, two things happened which interrupted the Festival ; *Mathilda* swooned away, and at the same time *Clemence* who had her Eyes fix'd on *Montrose's* Hand, cry'd out that they should not proceed any farther 'till they had heard her. She had observ'd, that that Lover had the mark of a perfect red Rose upon his Hand, and recollecting that *Mathilda's* Brother, who had been carried away soon as he was born, was exactly mark'd in that manner, she thought herself obliged to declare it. She had heard that *Montrose* was a Stranger, and that it was not known of whom or where he was born, tho she could not tell whether this report was true, or whether 'twas rais'd by those who envied his great Fortune ; yet she could not but have some suspicions, especially on account of the great resemblance there was between him and her Mistress, which they had often took notice of. This and her swooning away which continued so long that she was forc'd to be carried away, and laid up

Bed, interrupted the Ceremony; besides,  
 as they open'd her Robe to give her Air,  
 Poinard which they found hid in it, gave  
 great occasions to Conjectures on so odd  
 an Accident: in short, *Clemence's* suspicion  
 was found to be true, the Mark on *Mont-*  
*rose's* Hand was so very singular, that it  
 alone was sufficient Evidence of the truth  
 of her discovery. But a Merchant who had  
 brought him up from his Childhood, con-  
 fessing that he had him from the Hands  
 of Pyrates, who had taken him on the  
 Coasts of *Normandy*, near *Mount St. Mi-*  
*chael*, from which *Mount* and the *Rose* that  
 was upon his Hand, he had given him the  
 Name of *Montrose*, very much strengthen'd  
 that *Clemence* said. By good luck there  
 was in the Castle of *Edinburgh* an old Sol-  
 dier, who being inform'd of this Adven-  
 ture, and having been an Accomplice in  
 carrying him away, thought he now  
 had an opportunity to advance his For-  
 tune; going therefore to *Montrose*, and first  
 begging his Pardon, he told him that the  
 Captain under whom he then serv'd, was  
 commanded by the Count of *Bessin* whilst he  
 was in some Port in *England*, and send-  
 ing a Man along with them to conduct  
 them, the Business was done, as *Mont-*  
*rose* told Prince *Henry* the first time he  
 spoke to him about *Mathilda*. But what  
 put

put this thing out of all doubt, was the Soldier's adding, that upon his Comrades dividing the Spoil and Pillage of the Baron of *Dover's* House, among several other things that fell to his share, was a Coral made use of by Children when they cut their Teeth, which he still had kept: upon fetching it, it was found to be set in Gold, and a Coat of Arms engraved on it, which *Mathilda* knew to be that of her Family; and *Clemence* added that it was design'd for the Child that was taken away, as it is customary before the lyings-in of Persons of Quality to provide every thing for the Child that is to be born.

*Montrose* thus assur'd of his Extraction and appriz'd by the Ponyard that *Mathilda* had conceal'd in her Bosom, how much Force she put upon her Inclinations, when she consented to marry him and afterwards inform'd of hers and her Lover's History; he had too much Generosity any longer to prevent their Happiness. Soon after, *Montafilant* and *Mathilda* were married with as great excess of Joy, as they had before felt of Affliction. *Montrose* married the King's Daughter and making his Brother and Sister-in-Law partake of his good Fortune, enabled 'em to settle in that Country, and heap

Wealth



Wealth upon them sufficient to atone for the Loss of their Estates.

This is the Original of the Family of *Montrose*, and the means that brought the Lords of *Montafilant* out of *Normandy*. The King of *Scotland* having written the King of *England* an account of the Villany of the Count of *Bessin*, and given him so many convincing Proofs of it; that prudent and just Prince began to be sensible of his Wickedness: and Fortune, who had hitherto been so averse to the Lovers, became so favourable to them, in even their warmest Wishes, that in a small time they recover'd the Possession of their Estates, and saw their Enemy the Count of *Bessin* disgrac'd; who being convicted of several enormous Crimes, perish'd according to his deserts; his Wealth being confiscated to the Church, as may still be seen in the Donations made to them by *William* the Conqueror, or by the Queen his Wife.





MISTAKEN JEALOUSY  
OR, THE  
*Disguis'd Lovers.*



IS well known what Misery was brought upon France, by the Quarrel between the House of Burgundy, and that of Orleans; and what Difficulties our Party suffer'd, according to their Adversaries prevail'd, through the inconstant Humour of the *Parisians*.

Tho' the City of *Paris* oftner declares itself in favour of the House of *Burgundy* than of that of *Orleans*; yet it once happen'd, that the Heads of the *Burgundians*

Fac

tion were forced to fly out of that  
 great City with the utmost Speed, out of  
 the incens'd Populace; the Duke  
 who was *John*, Sirnamed the *Hardy*, Son  
 of *Philip* Duke of *Burgundy* was then at  
*Brion*, and his Enemies laying hold of his  
 absence, so well manag'd the Minds of  
 the People, that the Princess *Agnes* his  
 daughter was forc'd in the greatest dis-  
 order to betake herself to flight; tho' she  
 inherited so much of the Courage of her  
 father, that she was look'd upon as a  
 person of very extraordinary Resolution,  
 and very much above the Timorousness so  
 common in her Sex. Quitting therefore that  
 city, she disguiz'd herself, and for fear  
 of a Surprise she resolv'd to return to  
*Brion*, without letting it be known on  
 the Road who she was: she had with  
 her only two or three Domesticks, and a  
 Lady of Fashion, whose name was *Jolante*,  
 whom she very much confided. Ac-  
 cording to the Custom of those times, she  
 well'd on horse-back: after two days  
 journey, tir'd with the Fatigue of travelling,  
 she resolv'd to rest herself at an Inn, where  
 the same time chanc'd to arrive a young  
 Prince of the House of *Bourbon*. He was  
 returning from *Hungary*, where the War  
 against the *Turks* had been carried on with  
 great Vigour, and where he had acquir'd

mortal Glory. The Princess of *Burgundy* and he were not at all known to each other, for he had left the Court of *France* before she came to it, and they had been brought up always in different Places; first in *Flanders* or at *Dijon*, where the Duke her Father usually kept his Court; and then near the Court of *France*, where the Duke of *Bourbon* his Father had made him spend the first part of his Youth, till he sent him to *Hungary* with a great many of the Nobility of *France*: for several detestable Civil Wars, which at that time distracted the Kingdom, chose rather to sinvalize their Courage and Address against the Enemies of Christianity, who took the advantage of our Divisions, and daily extended the Bounds of their Empire, to the great Scandal of the Christians. The young Prince not as yet knowing of which Party he shou'd be obliged to declare himself, and fearing to fall into the hands of his Enemies, kept himself conceal'd as well as the Princess; having left the greatest Part of his Equipage and People behind him for that Reason, or for the greater Conveniency in travelling, he pass'd only for a Gentleman of Quality, being attended by no more than three Persons. He arriv'd betimes at the same Inn where the Princess already was: she was of



very gay Humour, and chancing to see  
 a Citizen of *Paris* come in, who had set  
 out from thence after her, she call'd him  
 to her, and took great pleasure in talking  
 to him ; because that Man not knowing  
 her, told her ingenuously the true Senti-  
 ments the People had of all the great Men  
 of those times ; a thing that Princes are  
 seldom inform'd of by those who approach  
 them : but this Man did not so much as  
 spare the Queen, who was *Isabella* of *Ba-*  
*retania*, a most unnatural Mother, who, to  
 gratify her Revenge, unjustly disinheri-  
 ted her own Son ; neither did he spare  
 the King (*Charles* the Sixth) a Prince un-  
 fortunately fal'n into a Frenzy ; nor the  
 Ambition of those great Men, who, actu-  
 ated by different Motives, play'd their  
 parts in the bloody Tragedies, which  
 render'd that Age so black in History ;  
 nor the Avarice and Insolence of the Mi-  
 nisters of State, who only consulted their  
 own Interests in what they made their  
 Masters do. She was upon the Chapter  
 of her Father the Duke of *Burgundy*,  
 when the Count of *Clermont* (for so that  
 young Prince of the House of *Bourbon*  
 was call'd) after having saluted her with  
 great Civility, join'd in the Conversation.  
 He was naturally complaisant, well bred,  
 and fond of Womens Conversation. The

Princess was mask'd, but beautifully shaped; her Eyes, Mouth, and Hair, fine even to excellence; so that tho' she conceal'd a great many Charms, she discover'd enough to engage any one less gallant than he was; besides, the Citizen's Answers and the Questions she ask'd him, were capable of raising the Curiosity of the most Indifferent. The Prince hearing him talk of so many Persons for whom he was interested, made one in the Conversation for his own Satisfaction, and endeavour'd by his Questions to add to the Pleasantry of it; but it had not lasted long, before the mask'd Lady shew'd so much Wit in that Grotesque Conversation, that he was prodigiously taken with her. She was discoursing with the Citizen of *Paris* in a low Hall, and as the Chamber where her dinner was serv'd was above stairs, the Prince gave her his Hand to lead her to it, purely out of the Civility which he thought was due to her as a Lady, who, tho' in an Equipage little agreeable to her Quality, yet commanded Respect. When she was in the Room she pull'd off her Mask, and the Prince confess'd within himself that he had never seen any thing so beautiful; he did not long dissemble his Passion, treating the Affair as one who thought himself the only

fully disguiz'd Person in the Company, who,  
 was in his nature very gallant, and who  
 was endued with the freedom that birth gives  
 to Persons of his Rank; tho' he was ob-  
 liged to take his leave of the Lady, be-  
 cause he saw she was going to dinner,  
 he cou'd not do it without first letting her  
 know, that 'twas impossible for him to  
 be so many Charms without being touch'd  
 with them. The Princess, who was of a  
 very pleasant and amiable Temper, pre-  
 sently look'd upon this Adventure as an  
 incident very proper to embellish the Ro-  
 mance of her Disguise: The Prince's Per-  
 son was extremely agreeable, but she  
 judging him to be only what he appear'd,  
 and thinking it very pleasant that a Man  
 of his Rank shou'd have so freely declar'd  
 his Passion to her, not to lose the Oppor-  
 tunity she had of diverting herself, she  
 wou'd not startle him by shewing too  
 much Severity. As soon as she had dined,  
 the Prince return'd to her Chamber,  
 where he was not long before he re-com-  
 menced his Gallantry: the Princess smiling  
 upon the Lady who was with her at the  
 Part she was acting, receiv'd him with  
 Civility, and answering the Prince's Dis-  
 course according to the Design she had  
 taken of diverting herself; with a modest  
 Refusal and inviting Coyness, she caus'd  
 him

him to fall very much in love with her : in short, as soon as he learnt from her that she shou'd not continue her Journey that day, tho' his first Design was not to make any stay upon the Road, yet he soon found Reasons for his not proceeding on his Journey. Tho' the Princess was very much diverted with the Conquest she had made, the Prince join'd to the Freeness of his Declaration of Love, so much Respect in his Behaviour, and display'd so much Wit and good Sense in his Discourse, that insensibly the Ridicule vanish'd : on the other side, the Haughtiness that sat triumphant among the Charms of her Person and the Graces of her Wit, insensibly blew the sudden Sparks into a beautiful Flame : yet at first they only thought of informing themselves of each other, but they had both taken care mutually to deceive. The Count of *Clermont's* People, after a diligent Enquiry among the Princess's Servants, told their Master that she was a Lady of *Normandy*, who was going to *Dijon* to take possession of the Effects of a Brother of hers lately dead in the Service of the Duke of *Burgundy*, under whom he had acquir'd immense Riches. The Princess had feign'd this death of her Brother, because she really was then in mourning for the *Dauphin* of *France*, elder

Brother



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Brother to *Charles* the Seventh. By the  
 same Method she was inform'd that he  
 was of *Berry*, and Son of the Lord of *A-*  
*rendes*, which Name he bore : as for his  
 Affairs and Travels he disguis'd nothing,  
 for his Servants told hers, that he came  
 from *Hungary* along with the Count of  
*Clermont*, and that he was going to *Paris*,  
 having left that Prince behind him about  
 six or seven days Journey off, coming on in  
 the same Road. The House of *Bourbon*  
 and that of *Burgundy* were then in different  
 Interests ; for *Burgundy* being nearer to  
 the Crown than *Bourbon*, endeavour'd to  
 exclude them as well as those of *Orleans*  
 and *Anjou*, and, in short, all others from  
 any Power and Authority. Nevertheless,  
 the Princess having heard a great deal said  
 in commendation of the Count of *Cler-*  
*mont*, enquir'd after him in a manner that  
 the Lady she represented might proba-  
 bly have done. The Prince answer'd with  
 modesty, as being asham'd to commend  
 himself ; insomuch that what he said, not  
 coming up to the Reputation that Prince  
 had acquir'd, the Princess ask'd him if  
 he had been any ways disobliged by him,  
 or if that Prince was not very much al-  
 ter'd of late ; if he had fallen from the  
 great Hopes that had been conceiv'd  
 of his Courage ; if he had not been the  
 means

means of gaining two or three Victories as had been publish'd in *France*; and, in short, if by any ill Conduct he had forfeited those Heroick Virtues which had render'd him so famous and renown'd. These Questions very agreeably flatter'd him, and doubtless wou'd have much more done so, had he known from whose Mouth they came; in short, to omit a thousand Circumstances of little Consequence, having spent the rest of the Day with that Lady, he was so charm'd with her, that he resolv'd to push his Fortune with her: Love easily prevails on the Fire of a Youth of eighteen or twenty, (for that was his Age) to attempt things seemingly more impracticable than this: he sets out therefore towards *Burgundy* along with her. The Princess's Beauty far surpass'd all that he had hitherto ever seen at Court or elsewhere, and the Hopes he conceived from her obliging and civil Behaviour, and from the Sweetness of her Humour, very much inflam'd him; the Merits he discover'd in that Lady daily increas'd his Passion: but his Love, which had so agreeable a Beginning, soon gave him uneasiness; for as the Princess drew nearer to her Father's State, her Haughtiness increas'd, and the Prince's Hopes diminished, but not his Passion; for he re-

solv'd

solv'd, as at play, to venture still on; rather than sit down contented with what he had already lost, and she was still intent on prolonging her diversion: she had endeavour'd to hinder him from following her, but in such a manner that left him room to believe she wou'd not be oblig'd with his Attendance. Thus did this Prince fall into the Snare, out of which, he never afterwards cou'd free himself: The Princess, whom he had daily Opportunities of entertaining upon the Road, charm'd him more and more; in so much, that tho' his Hopes lessen'd, his Respect increased: sometimes recollecting who he was, he wou'd ask himself what was his Design, and his Reason wou'd wage War in his Mind with his Passion; but his Love was now too violent to be resisted. He oftener complain'd of the rigour of his Fate, which made him find so many Beauties in a Person whom he judg'd too much beneath him ever to think of marrying her, and who, on the other side, shew'd so much Virtue, that he cou'd not propose to gratify his Passion on any other Condition. The Princess perceiv'd the Transports of his Mind, but judging by outward Appearances as well as he, she did not much concern herself about the Uneasiness of *Arondes*; but yet she resolv'd

solv'd to see what wou'd be his Sentiments  
 when he shou'd discover who she was. At  
 their arrival at *Dijon*, judge of the young  
 Prince's Thoughts, when he found her to be  
 the Duke of *Burgundy's* Daughter, and that  
 his Heart truly inflam'd was not mistaken  
 in its Choice. The Princess was very  
 much pleased with the Deceit she had put  
 on him, and diverted herself with the La-  
 dy, her Companion in the Adventure, at  
 the Astonishment she suppos'd him to be  
 in. The Prince might have let her know  
 that he was even with her, but finding  
 himself truly in love, he wou'd not follow  
 the first Dictates of his Passion at this  
 Conjunction so unforeseen and so agreeable  
 to his Love: tho' the Princess as a *Norman*  
*Lady*, had not given him great En-  
 couragement, yet she had ingaged him  
 and, as Lovers generally do, he certainly  
 hoped for Success. As he knew the Duke  
 of *Burgundy* and his Father were at that  
 time Enemies, finding himself in his pow-  
 er, he wou'd not discover his Quality, but  
 resolv'd to try if he cou'd not make his  
 Person amiable without the assistance of  
 his Birth. The Princess, acquainted with  
 his Wit and Discretion, and judging fa-  
 vourably of his Valour and Courage by  
 the other good Qualities she had seen  
 in him, thought she shou'd serve her  
 Father



other, if she obliged such a Cavalier to  
 engage in the Interests of her Family,  
 her giving him a favourable Recep-  
 tion: she contented herself therefore  
 with obliging him to alter his Behaviour  
 towards her; besides, 'tis no ways dero-  
 gatory from the Virtue and Honour of  
 the most discreet, to confess that they do  
 not hate a Man, purely on account of  
 his loving them, when he has no other  
 fault but that. The Princess having re-  
 ceiv'd all those Honours which Ceremony  
 pays to Persons of her Condition, retir'd  
 to her own Apartment: the Count of  
 Armont not being willing to be seen in  
 the Crowd, waited for her there. The  
 Princess, to carry on the diversion of the  
 Comedy she had acted upon the Road, no  
 sooner saw him, than calling to her Jo-  
 seph, for whom, as I have already said,  
 she had a great Friendship, and still tak-  
 ing the Prince for the Lord Arondes, I be-  
 lieve, *said she to him*, you did not think  
 I had so well placed your Affections,  
*loving him as she used to do*. Divine Prin-  
 cess, *reply'd he*, my Heart always told me  
 I had made a Choice very much to its  
 glory: 'tis true, had I not been ex-  
 tremely blind, I must have known that so  
 much Beauty and Merit cou'd not have been  
 hid in a common Person. I am sorry,  
 K *said*

*said the Princess*, that the *Norman Lady* is not here to answer you, you saw she does not use you with a great deal of rigour when she was with you, but you are an unlucky Lover, to be a Widower without your Mistress's dying. Beautiful Princess, *reply'd he*, if it must be so, as you give me the honour to tell me, I'll shew that there are *Artemisa's* of both Sexes; and if ours hitherto has not much signalized itself for being inconsolable, I will give a notable Example of it: but I will bear my Misfortune, great as it is, with Patience, if you will but vouchsafe to have a little Compassion for me; nobody deserves it more than I do, I have lost the most amiable Mistress in the World, my Hope cannot survive her, all my Desires must be interr'd with her: and of all this I must have the boldness to tell you, you alone are the Cause; sure therefore you ought to pity me. *Arondes, said the Princess*, I have a great deal of Compassion for you; and not only so, but I will alleviate your Afflictions. The Prince could not tell how to contain his Joy, at these words; but when he heard the rest of 'em tho' they were extremely obliging, he was not very well satisfied. For to shew you, *continu'd she*, that I am concern'd for you, instead of the Mistress

you have lost, I will give you a Master  
 who will never fail you, and of whom no  
 such Accident can deprive you ; the Duke  
 your Father merits your Services as much  
 as the *Norman Lady*, and at least they  
 shall be as well rewarded by him, as you  
 would expect them to be by her, for which,  
 you will be responsible. Generous Princess,  
 I pray'd the Prince, still behaving himself as the  
 Duke of Arondes, I never did any thing with  
 view of Interest, and if you will give me  
 leave to continue in your own Service, I  
 will think myself much happier ; for in-  
 deed, if I may be allow'd to speak the truth,  
 it be ever so rigorous, I shall scarce  
 be able to quit it. *Arondes, said the*  
*Princess, rising from her Seat,* I do not con-  
 sider your Advice in this ; what was a few  
 days ago agreeable to me, may not perhaps  
 be so always, but you have so much good  
 sense, that I believe, I need not tell you  
 that your Behaviour to me ought to be  
 the same. As she spoke these words, she went  
 to a great number of Ladies and Gen-  
 tlemen, who were waiting at the other  
 end of the Room, and the Prince who  
 could not support this thunder-stroke,  
 which at once destroy'd all his Joy and  
 resolution, found himself so oppress'd with  
 grief, that fearing to discover in his  
 countenance what he felt in his Soul, he re-  
 tir'd

tir'd immediately to the Place where the People had taken him a Lodging. thousand different thoughts warr'd in his Breast, but at last, he continu'd in his Resolution of not declaring himself, and still discover'd so many new Charms, and so much Merit in the Princess, that 'twas no longer in his power to absent himself from her: had he been only what he seem'd to be, he must have thought himself the happiest Man in the World, for the Princess kept her word with him. The very next day she presented him to the Duke, her Father, who received him in the handsomest manner, and loaded him with Places and Pensions, which he cou'd not possibly refuse, for fear of discovering himself; tho' he was greatly alter'd in three Years that he had left *France*, he seldom shew'd himself at any great Assemblies, he was oft'nest at the Princess's, whose Court was not so numerous as her Father's; besides, he always contriv'd to be there, when there was less Company.

At the Duke of *Burgundy's* Court, a Prince of the Blood Royal of *England*. That Kingdom is very subject to great Revolutions, and at that time, there was one of the most remarkable, that perhap

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er any Nation knew. \* A King indul-  
ging himself in a slothful Idolence, and  
reigning in the greatest Tranquility that  
a Prince cou'd wish for, at once saw his  
whole Kingdom revolt against him. A  
Prince of the House of *Lancaster*, who pre-  
tended, that he or his Father had usurp'd  
the Crown, which of right was his, laid  
hold of the Opportunity, and made so  
good use of the rage of the Rebels, that  
he obliged the King, with his own Hand  
to sign the Act of Renunciation, and to  
condemn himself to a perpetual and cruel  
Imprisonment. A Prince who was nearly  
related to him, having escap'd from the  
Storm that had wreck'd his Family, had  
took shelter with the Duke of *Burgundy*,  
after having in vain attempted by his Cou-  
rage to re-instate that wretched King in  
the Throne, his ill-fortune had depriv'd  
him of; the Duke supported him, but as  
the Prince who had possess'd himself of  
the Kingdom of *England*, became very  
formidable through the Divisions that de-  
solated *France*, the Duke of *Burgundy*,  
who had more Ambition than Generosity,

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\* This was Richard the Second, who after reign-  
ing two and twenty Years, was forced to resign his  
Crown to Henry the Fourth, solemnly in Parliament  
signing the Act of Renunciation, Sept. 29. 1399.

took care not to draw upon himself so powerful an Enemy : he contented himself with letting the Duke of *Clarence* (for so he was call'd) live in safety in his Dominions, and in not refusing him those Rights of Hospitality, which Princes owe each other. He was perfectly well made in his Person, had a great deal of Cunning, and was one who wou'd spare for nothing to gain his Ends, and had certainly met with Success, if Fortune had not visibly declar'd itself against all his Designs; in which he was true Heir to the King, whose Title he endeavour'd to support. Finding, that he in vain sought Success from the Duke of *Burgundy*, he thought he might obtain them, if he cou'd but gain his Alliance. The Duke had two Daughters, the first had been married to the *Dauphin* of *France*, the other was the Princess, whose History I write; to this therefore he paid his Addresses, and either out of Policy, or because he really was enamour'd with her, he endeavour'd by all means possible to render himself acceptable to her; yet he was so unfortunate as not to be able to make the Princess believe the truth of his Passion, which is no small Unhappiness; for there can be but little hopes of Success, when we can't so much as persuade our Mistress that

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we love her. His Courtship had been of  
 a long standing, but the Princess impu-  
 ted it more to the Necessity of his Affairs,  
 than to his Inclinations: nevertheless,  
 without being discouraged, he pursu'd it  
 with Constancy. On the other hand, the  
 Princess's Behaviour was not such as to  
 change his Passion into Rage and Hatred;  
 she told him, she entirely depended upon  
 her Father; in the mean time, as his  
 Misfortunes and Quality deserv'd great  
 Respect from every body of Birth and  
 Generosity, she behav'd herself towards  
 him with great Civility. This Amour  
 was so publick, that the Count of *Cler-*  
*mont* was soon appriz'd of it; besides, as  
 he was very assiduous about the Princess,  
 he cou'd not but take notice of his Rival's  
 Attachment: tho' he was in a Condition  
 not at all to be envied, yet his good Mien  
 gave him some Uneasiness, and the Possi-  
 bility there was of a Revolution happen-  
 ing in his favour in a Country so subject  
 to Changes; besides, the Princess was so  
 generous, that the Duke of *Clarence's* ill  
 fortune was not a sufficient Security for  
 his Rival. *Arondes* diligently observ'd  
 every thing, and was as vigilant as Rivals  
 generally are, when they are not belov'd.  
 He regulated his Actions in such a man-  
 ner, and show'd so much Respect in his  
 con-

stant Attendance on the Princess, that she could not condemn his Behaviour; but this was not enough for one who lov'd so passionately. The Princess's Court was the Rendezvous of all that was Gay and Polite of her Father's Party. Comedies, Balls, Feasts, Parties of Hunting, Fishing, and Walking, and all other agreeable Diversions were not wanting, according to the Season of the Year; but in particular, during a whole Carnival, five or six Ladies her particular Favourite met in her Apartment every Evening where they entertain'd themselves by playing at a thousand different Plays which they often invented, with which the Princess was extremely taken. The Duke of *Clarence* always made one at 'em as well because the Princess seem'd to be pleas'd with 'em, as because the Company sometimes dividing according to the Law of those little Games, he was always the Princess's Partner, on account of the Agreeableness of their Qualities: so that he had oftener Opportunities of entertaining her with his Passion at these Diversions than at any other time, which was by means pleasing to the young disguised Prince; who tho' he was always, through the Princess's Favour, present at the Entertainments, yet in order to keep



himself conceal'd, he was forc'd to give  
 place to his Rival: but to make him a-  
 mends, as he sought for nothing so much  
 as an Opportunity to speak to the Prin-  
 cess of the Affairs of his Heart, without  
 offending her, the Duke of *Clarence* in a  
 few days gave him a very good one. I  
 have already said, how by the Princess's  
 favour *Arondes* had succeeded at Court;  
 his noble Mien, Wit, and the Graces of  
 Novelty, which is so powerful at all  
 Courts, and especially where the *French*  
 Humour prevails, soon made him very  
 considerable: As the Princess publicly  
 profess'd a Friendship for him, the Duke  
 of *Clarence* thought nobody so proper as  
 him to assist him in his Affair, not ima-  
 gining that one of the Condition he seem'd  
 to be of, could have any other Views at  
 Court than that of making his Fortune,  
 the Princess herself had presented him to  
 him; after which time, persuaded that  
 he might be of use to him, he very much  
 caress'd him. One day as they were ri-  
 ding out together, being at a distance  
 from the rest of the Company, he began  
 to renew his Professions of Friendship for  
 him, and to redouble his Caresses, assuring  
 him that he would make good his Pro-  
 mises of giving him better proofs than  
 Words, of the Regard he had for him, if  
 ever

ever Fortune should be favourable to him. He then told him what hopes he had, and communicating to him all his Designs for his Re-establishment, shew'd him how intirely he confided in him. *A-rondes* reply'd with a great deal of Submission, but discovering what View he had in these Caresses, and that 'twas only to oblige him to speak to the Princess in his favour, he could not help rejoicing within himself at so odd an Adventure. He told him, that indeed he had but little Interest with her; 'twas true, that her Generosity thinking it had an opportunity to display itself in providing for one of so little Merit, she had shown him a great deal of Favour, but that he could not be vain enough to believe she would at all listen to the Counsel of one so young as himself: nevertheless, he thank'd the Prince for the Honour he did him, in judging him capable of serving him in a matter of that moment, and assured him that he would let slip no opportunity of putting the Princess in mind of his Merit and Passion.

That very day he had as good an Opportunity as the Duke of *Clarence* could have wish'd him; for he found the Princess very much dispos'd to listen to him. She had been alone all day, and as soon

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as she saw him, call'd him to her, to ask  
 him what he had met with in his riding  
 out with the Duke of *Clarence*; for she  
 knew of their being together, because she  
 saw them pass by her Windows on horse-  
 back. *Madam, said he, we have had a*  
*very pleasant Ride, as you may imagine*  
*by the Beauty of the Day; but you may*  
*be sure I have been extremely happy, in*  
*the Conversation of the Duke of Clarence,*  
*and in having continually talk'd of no-*  
*thing but the Merits and Charms of the*  
*most divine Princess in the world. You*  
*have been but indifferently entertain'd,*  
*reply'd she, if the Eloquence of the Prince,*  
*and the Fineness of the Day, afforded you*  
*no other Subject. I do assure you, Ma-*  
*dam, answer'd the Prince, I was so well*  
*pleas'd, that I shall never forget it: for*  
*judge, Madam, of the good fortune I met*  
*with, since I believe I've found an oppor-*  
*tunity of telling you without offending*  
*you, that you little think what Torments*  
*you are the Cause of, that it's impossible*  
*to see you without dying for Love of*  
*you; and that there is an unhappy*  
*Wretch, who expects no other End to*  
*his Misfortunes but Death, ever since he*  
*has had the presumption to expose himself*  
*to your irresistible Charms. I know not,*  
*reply'd the Princess, (who understood but half*  
*the*

*the Sense of his Words, and attributed the  
 Meaning of them intirely to the Passion of the  
 young Arondes)* what extraordinary Ad-  
 venture can have given you room to be-  
 lieve I shall permit these Extravagancies  
 more at one time than another. Beauti-  
 ful Princess, *answer'd he*, I very well  
 know, tho' your Charms conquer all a-  
 like, yet all alike must not have leave to  
 declare the Sense they have of 'em. How  
 comes it then, *interrupted she*, that you  
 think yourself allow'd to talk in this  
 manner? Judge more favourably of the  
 Respect I have for you, *reply'd he*; I too  
 well know *Arondes* must be silent for him-  
 self, but may not *Arondes* be permitted  
 to speak for the Duke of *Clarence*? The  
 Princess not understanding him, bade him  
 explain himself. Whereupon the Prince  
 told her, how the Duke of *Clarence* had  
 desired him to speak to her about his  
 Passion; and told it her with so much  
 Address and Gallantry, that the Princess  
 could not well interrupt him, tho he re-  
 mark'd to her how unhappy that Duke  
 was in every thing, that even in his A-  
 mours he should pitch upon his Rival for  
 his Confidant: But, *added he rallying*, since  
 the Duke of *Clarence* wanted a Person to  
 tell you that he loved you, whom, adora-  
 ble Princess, could he have found out

more



more proper for such an Employment, on account of the resemblance there is between you and the *Norman* Lady, whom I so passionately lov'd during our Journey? who, better than I can tell the power of your Charms, or who, make known the Difficulty there is of defending one's self against them; and how impossible it is to overcome a Passion conceiv'd in any one like her? But to return to what I made bold to say, I hope, Madam, you can't blame me for rejoicing at this extraordinary Adventure, since it gives me leave to tell you, that the Duke of Clarence orders me to say these Words to you, *I die for Love of you*. I do assure you nothing more true was ever spoke.

The Princess, with all her haughty pride, cou'd not but admire the Wit and Cunning of the feign'd *Arondes*, but full of the Grandeur of her high Quality, tho' she was pleas'd with his Merit, it had no effect on her Inclinations. Sometimes, that she might not be obliged to be angry with him, she pretended not to understand the Discourses he address'd to her of his nature, and sometimes rally'd him on his Adventure, but in such a manner, that let him see she did not approve of his taking such Liberties. In the mean time, he omitted nothing that might render

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der himself agreeable to her, without discovering his Quality, or risking his being made the Jest of the Court as *Arondes*; but finding at last, that by containing himself within these Bounds, he no way advanced his Affair; tho' he apprehended the being banish'd from a Place, which contain'd the Delight of his Life, or else to be depriv'd of Liberties he had acquired'd by a Disguize, and by assuming a Name so different from his own, yet he cou'd no longer refrain from declaring his Passion in a plainer manner. One day being in the Princess's Chamber, he saw her Pocket-Book lying on the Table, and tempted by such an Opportunity, he took it up, and writ these Words:

*O Love, how cruel are thy Chains!  
How vain with thy Almighty Power's Strife  
How very wretched are the constant Swains  
But without Love, who'd wish for Life?*

*This alas! is what every body experiences who sees you, O too perfect Princess! but whose Chains are more cruel than yours; who that sees you, can avoid Death? and yet that Death, which you indifferently inflict on all alike, becomes a Crime in the unhappy Sufferer if he be unworthy of it.*

He had scarce made an end of writing these Words, when the Princess came out of her Closet; a Thief surpriz'd in the Act, is not more confounded than he was: for full of Respect, as one who sincerely lov'd, and sensible that he had been too presumptuous, he did not dare to look up at the Princess, who came up to the Table on seeing him lay her Pocket-book down upon it, and ask'd him what he had been doing; at the same time opening it, she saw what he had writ. The Confusion that appear'd in *Arondes's* Countenance, made her more angry than perhaps she wou'd have been, had he endeavour'd to have turn'd it off as usual; but he was so astonish'd, that he was incapable of speaking a Word. Who cou'd now have taken him for that valiant Prince who had signaliz'd his Courage in so many Battles, to see him thus tremble at the Sight of the Princess? who, unable to contain her Indignation, said to him, *Arondes*, if I were not restrain'd by the Regard and Friendship I once had for you, I shou'd at once forbid you my Apartment and Presence for ever, and make you the Jest of the whole Court: but take notice of what I now tell you; cure yourself of your Follies, or expect the Punishment they so well merit. Great Princess, reply'd he,

after what I have so long suffer'd, that might not displease you, I am in a state not to dread any thing that can happen either to my Life or Honour; but your Anger is terrible even to those, who apprehend not Death.—He wou'd have gone on and have justify'd himself, on account of the Violence of his Passion, and the long Constraint he had put upon himself, and perhaps have declared himself, if he had seen her at all touch'd with his violent Love, but she did not give him leave for interrupting him, and repeating much the same Words she had already spoke she silenced him, and at the same time left him in the greatest Confusion. From that time, he fell into a deep Melancholy and there appear'd so much Dejection and Paleness in his Countenance, that his Condition might have mov'd the most Insensible to have pitied him; but the Princess's Compassion cou'd be but of little Service to him: she very much esteem'd the good Qualities she saw in him, and with Regret found that he wou'd not let aside Inclinations so distant from her. All the Princes of *Europe* that aim'd at Alliance with *France*, had their Eyes on her: for at that time, there was no Princess so conspicuous, as well on account of the great Power of the House of *Burgundy*

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dy, as for the great Reputation she had acquir'd. So that if she had felt any Compassion for *Arondes*, it cou'd not have been what a Lover wou'd have wish'd for; her Mind was not at all turn'd to Gallantries, tho' she had a great deal of Wit and Fire; besides, she was so reserv'd and haughty, that perhaps, if she had had an Inclination for a Person of *Arondes's* seeming Rank, she wou'd never have let him know it. Thus did he live in strange Irresolutions, sometimes thinking to discover himself, but then, What, *said he to himself*, must I owe to my Birth and Quality, what my Love alone deserves? — And sometimes, as the great Soul, extreme Virtue, and Charms of that Princess, convinced him how happy he shou'd be, if he cou'd marry her; he was in reality pleas'd with her Rigour; (a severe Virtue in a beautiful Woman, is an irresistible Charm, even to the Man who wishes to find her otherwise.) All that he wanted to know, was, whether she liked his Person, of which, he was not a little persuaded, by the Esteem she express'd for him, disguiz'd as he was: but there soon happen'd an Accident, which very much assuaged his Melancholy. Belonging to the Princess's Palace, was a beautiful Garden, which was the Diversion of

the whole Court; *Aronde* often repaired thither, when he cou'd not be with the Princess, because from thence, he cou'd see the Windows of her Apartment, which agreeably flatter'd his Musings. One Night being there, and thinking by the little Lights he saw in the Princess's Apartment, that she was gone to rest; he enter'd one of the Alleys of the Garden, indulging himself in a profound Revery; but he was soon rouz'd out of it by the Voices of two Women, who were placed on a Seat on the other side of the Pallisade; he presently distinguish'd 'em to be *Jolanta* and the Princess, who were enjoying the fresh Air, after the excessive Heat of the Day. One of 'em, whom by her Voice, he knew to be the Princess, said, No, I never cou'd comprehend how any Person of my Quality, cou'd ever condescend to love a Man of inferior Rank. But yet you see, *reply'd Jolanta*, that all Ages furnish us with Examples of it. How can you, *said the Princess*, give credit to what the ignorant and insolent Vulgar say; no, there is such Contradiction in their Opinions, upon which Histories are often grounded, that I think it very wrong to give any credit to 'em: I see so much Reason for a great Princess's not loving any thing of which she may be ashamed.

shamed, that I cannot think any one can easily be guilty of such a Fault ; whatever Merit may accompany such Inequality, I think the not being born a Prince, must always be a secret Reproach to a Person of my Quality, and there ought to be no defect in a Person truly worthy of our Affection. But yet, *reply'd Jolanta*, Love, who is blind, has no regard to any Disproportion. Love, *answer'd the Princess*, is only blind when we make him so ; tho' indeed he does not so much observe a Resemblance in Quality, as in Temper and Understanding ; yet no Princess of high Birth, abandons herself to those sort of Passions without Frenzy : but there is still a stronger Reason for my not being of your Opinion, which is, that Men seldom love without some Encouragement or Hopes ; and how can he have any, who is so far beneath his Mistress, that he approaches her with trembling, and hardly dares look upon her, much less declare his Passion, unless she encourages his Presumption ? which I look upon as a thing impossible ; for sure no Princess, who thinks herself worthy of being admir'd by formidable Princes, can so far debase herself, as to make advances to a Subject. But, *Madam, answered Jolanta*, tho' there is great difference in Rank and Splendour between Gen-

Gentlemen and their Sovereigns, yet there is much more Conformity in their Inclinations, Understandings, and Valour, than there is between Men of Quality and Fashion, and Peasants or Citizens, whose Notions of Life are base and groveling. Do we not every day see Persons who are not Princes, endow'd with all the Qualities requisite towards rendering them amiable? and as to making Advances, do you think you need do any thing else, than listen to the Addresses of those whom your Charms have captivated? Have you not an Example of this, in the Person of the *French Gentleman*, who is with so much Zeal attach'd to your Service? he behaves himself with as much Respect as is due from one of his Rank, to so great a Princess as yourself; but yet, tho' he does not speak to you of his Passion, you cannot make any question about it. He began to love me by so odd an Accident, *reply'd the Princess*, that he ought not to be alledged as an Example; my Disguize gave him the Boldness to discover his Passion to me; and that wherein lay the Difficulty, being over, perhaps he thought, it was something very fine, to act the part of a Lover to a Person of my Rank; and as I at first list'ned to him out of Caprice, and the Necessity I lay under of

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not making myself known, he believes let what will happen, it can no ways hurt him to persevere : but let that be how it will, he's a Proof of what I say, his Person is very agreeable, his Understanding excellent : the War in which he has so generously engaged at his Age, and the access he has had to the Count of *Clermont*, who shews no Countenance but to Persons of superior Merit, must give us a favourable Opinion of his Courage : I believe he truly loves me, which is no small Recommendation ; you know very well my Affections are not engag'd to any other ; but I assure you, convinced as I am of his Merit, and tho' I very much esteem him, yet he does not make me alter my Opinion ; nay, I'll say more, perhaps I shall be obliged to love a Prince not so amiable as he is, and I don't question but I shall be able to do it ; but I'll confess, that you may not reproach me with Insensibility, that I wish the Prince, to whom the Duke my Father will give me, may be master of as many fine Qualities as he is. *Arondes* attentively listen'd to this Discourse, and if the beginning of it mortally afflicted him, these last Words were an excellent Remedy : but his good Fortune that had brought him to hear this Conversation, did not stop there ;

there; for *Jolanta* being in a very gay humour, took this opportunity to give an agreeable turn to the Discourse, which began to grow serious. I think, indeed, *said she*, you ought to do Justice to that poor Lover; for my part he has entirely gain'd me to his side, tho' he has not made me his Confidant. How do we know but he may be some Emperor, or great Monarch disguiz'd, on purpose to see you? The other day I enquir'd after him, of a Gentleman who is of that Country he pretends to be of, and he told me he had never so much as heard of his Name; yet 'tis certain, that he is of no mean Extraction; for you see with what Disinterestedness he attaches himself to the Service of your Family. What simple Chimæra's do you form? cry'd the Princess, interrupting her. I suppose upon the strength of this imaginary Grandeur and Power, you would have me embark myself in a fine Passion with him. At these words the Princess got up, and *Jolanta* following her, and continuing the Discourse; I dare lay a Wager, *said she*, that with all your Wisdom you can't but wish he should be what I say. Were I to confess that, *said the Princess*, 'twould not be a great proof of my being charm'd with him; but I believe, *reply'd Jolanta*, if that Lover knew you

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wish'd so, it would not be a little Consolation to him. As she spoke, they turn'd out of that Walk into another, where *Arondes* had not an opportunity to listen; and it being very late, he retir'd home, with greater satisfaction than he had ever yet known; but as Joy has its Transports and Uneasiness as well as Grief, tho' he immediately went to bed, he could not compose himself to sleep sooner than he was accusom'd when his Passion most tormented him; not that he was at all irresolute about making himself known; he was too well encourag'd to that, by what he had heard; he only deliberated on the manner and time of doing it: for the first, he employ'd all his Address and Wit, in contriving that it should be with as much Gallantry as possible; and his Impatience left him no room to hesitate about the second. At length, wearied with a thousand Contrivances, he fell a-sleep, after having resolv'd to quit being *Arondes*, and appear the Count of *Clermont* the next day; but in the morning, as soon as he awak'd, he heard news that very much surpriz'd him, which was, that the Duke and the Princess had left *Dijon* in great haste, the Duke being set out for *Paris*, and the Princess for *Brussels*. At *Paris* there had been great Commotions, the *Burgundian*

dian Faction having got the advantage, recall'd the Duke in the greatest haste. †

The Duke receiv'd this piece of News in the Night; but this that was so good for him, was attended by another that was very bad, and which Heaven seem'd to send him, to shew that there can be no perfect happiness in things that depend on Fortune, and especially where the Designs are unjust. The Countess of *Haynault* having married a Prince of the House of *Burgundy*, had quitted him, and married herself a second time to the Duke of *Gloucester*, Brother to *Henry the Fourth*, then King of *England*, and by that double Marriage had fill'd *Haynault* with confusion: the *English* had made a considerable Descent at *Calais*, which belong'd at that time to the aforenam'd Relation of the Duke of *Burgundy*, for which reason the Duke espous'd his Quarrel; and because, on account of the nearness of *Haynault*, the Cities of *Flanders*, which the Duke held in right of his Mother, Heirefs of that Province, were

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† This was after that great Sedition, excited June the Twelfth, 1418, wherein the Constable of *Arma* *nac*, the Chancellor of *Marli*, and all the Heads of the *Orleans* Faction were kill'd; the Massacre being very great, that neither Bishops, nor those whose Persons ought to have been sacred, were spar'd.



e, re- threatened with the same Disorders; be-  
 e. † sides, being very much oppress'd with Im-  
 ws in posts, they shew'd great Inclinations to  
 him, throw off their Yoke, and in particular  
 bad Brussels. At the same time that the Duke  
 n, to receiv'd the News of the Tumult at *Paris*,  
 happi- Courier from some of his Partizans at  
 e, and Brussels arriv'd, and inform'd him that his  
 . The presence was absolutely necessary there;  
 ied s- that the *English* held secret Correspondence  
 had which the Disaffected of the Town, who  
 econd were resolv'd on their approach to open  
 her to the Gates to 'em, and throw off his Au-  
 ngland thority. The Duke not being able to go  
 fill'd to both places, resolv'd himself to repair  
 sh had to *Paris*, and to send Prince *Philip* his Son  
 Calais to Brussels, to represent his Person; and  
 afore because of his Youth, that the Princess  
 rgundy his Daughter should go along with him,  
 s'd h- to advise and direct him, because she was  
 of th- extremely belov'd by the People. As soon  
 f *Flan*- he propos'd it to her, she accepted of the  
 t of h- commission, chusing rather that, than to  
 , wen- allow him to *Paris*, the Tumult of which  
 y much displeas'd her. The Duke,  
 who had no such Scruples, took the road  
 that great City with the utmost expe-  
 tion, after having first seen his Son and  
 daughter set out, and given the necessary  
 orders for the preservation of his own  
 dominions. The Princess was therefore  
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gone, when the Count of *Clermont* waked; but being soon appriz'd of the reason, he immediately follow'd her. The danger was not less urgent at *Brussels*, than the opportunity that call'd her Father to the Capital of the Kingdom. The People of *Flanders* are very inconstant: those of *Brussels*, after having so openly declar'd against their Prince, dreading to be punish'd, and seeing the *English* so near them, seem'd resolv'd to compleat their Enterprize. The Duke of *Gloucester*, who commanded the *English* Troops, was inform'd of the disposition they were in; he had secretly sent Incendiaries into *Brussels*, to excite the Citizens to rise and take up Arms; but not contented with that, as soon as he knew of the Princess's march, he advanc'd with the greatest diligence towards the Town, in which there were no Forces able to resist him; and he had certainly made himself Master of it, had it not been for the extreme Diligence of the Princess. The Insurrection was very great, and the Conspirators seeing his Troops so near, and inform'd of the Princess's march, were resolv'd not to receive her into the Town; but that Princess join'd so much Courage to her Diligence, that she disappointed all their Designs, not without being

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thousand times in danger of being taken on the Road ; for she had very few Troops with her, and was oblig'd to pass within a League or two of all the *English* Army, which consisted of six or seven thousand Men : but that was not all the Difficulty, for she found the Gates shut against her, and there were some insolent enough to tell her, that they should not be open'd to her ; nevertheless, she drew near to them with great Courage, and shew'd them the Prince her Brother. The Populace were not at all mov'd with this, but a young Soldier having put himself at the head of some of the chief Citizens, came upon them with a Force considerable more for the Courage of the Leader than Number ; and vigorously attacking them, dispers'd them, and clear'd the Gate where the Princess was, who was very much surpriz'd to see it on a sudden open'd to her : but her Astonishment was greatly augmented, when being enter'd, the first Person that presented himself to her sight, was the young *Arondes*. He was disguis'd like a common Soldier, and 'twas he, who by his Eloquence, having animated that little Troop, had put himself at their head, and quell'd the Sedition.

Inform'd of the Princess's Design, and foreseeing the tediousness of her Journey,

he thought he might sooner find an opportunity to signalize himself by getting into *Brussels* before her, than by following her on the Road. The Success answer'd his Expectations, he found the City in very great disorders, and wishing for nothing so much as to display his Courage, he had the pleasure thus signally to serve the Princess; the Citizens own'd him for their Leader, and yielded him the Glory of the Action: the Princess by Clemency and Prudence soon restor'd every thing to Peace, after which she was conducted to a Palace prepar'd for her.

*Arondes* having quitted the Habits he had been oblig'd to assume to facilitate his Entrance into the City, repair'd thither. The Princess was then in the Garden, to refresh herself, after the Heat and Fatigue of her Journey; but she no sooner saw *Arondes*, than calling him to her, she arose and walk'd with him, thanking him in an obliging manner for the Service he had done her. This was too good an Opportunity for him to tell her, that inspir'd as he was with a Passion for her, 'twas as little as he could do, especially considering the Design he had form'd; we may easily suppose he would not wait for another Conjuncture to discover himself to her. She had only *Jolante* with her, and some of her Domesticks in

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the Garden, who seeing her speak with Attachment to that Cavalier who had done her so great a piece of Service, they out of respect retir'd, and by good luck for *Arondes*, the Princess walking to the end of the Alley, in which she happen'd to be, came to an Arbour, form'd with Trees, whose thick-tufted Branches render'd it impervious to the Eyes. The Place being so favourable, encourag'd by the Princess's obliging Discourse, he threw himself at her Feet: She was so amaz'd, at this Action, that she endeavour'd to go away, but stopping her by her Robe, Beautiful Princess, *said he to her*, be not surpriz'd at my thanking you in this manner, for your so graciously receiving the small Service I was happy enough this day to pay you; since the more I see of your Goodness, the greater dread I have of my having offended you, and the more I find myself oblig'd on my Knees to ask your Pardon.

Seeing that the Princess was so surpriz'd that she could not answer, Yes, Divine Princess, *continu'd he*, in what other manner can I answer the engaging Terms in which you flatter me, even tho' by it I throw into a Precipice the unhappy *Arondes* whom you have so far exalted above his Merits? *Arondes*, Madam, is unworthy of the Honour you do him; *Arondes* is

an Impostor, perhaps, even worthy of Death; who has a long time robb'd the Count of *Clermont* of the Glory of serving you.

*Arondes* has had the Honour of being attach'd to the Service of the Duke your Father; but what must be the Fate of an unhappy Prince, who without considering his being engag'd in Interests contrary to yours, has abandon'd every thing for you, and who has so accusom'd himself to your Service, that he chuses rather eternally to languish in it, than to form the least thought of disengaging himself? Pronounce then, beautiful Princess, pronounce my Sentence, whether you'll punish the Imposture of *Arondes* in me, or the Enmity that is between your Family and mine; whatever it be I shall receive it with profound Submission, and an entire Resignation to your Will and Pleasure.

The Princess's Amazement was so great that she cou'd not for a long time make any Reply; but at last, recovering herself as well as she cou'd from the Trouble these Words had given her: *Arondes*, said she, (for I know not how to call you by any other Name as yet) is it possible that you should be the Count of *Clermont*? Yes Madam, said he, I am that unhappy Prince.

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Prince, who, captivated by your Charms, has not been able to recover his Liberty from the first Moment he had the honour to see you: the Disguize, which then conceal'd your Quality, must convince you, that 'twas your Person alone I admir'd; but I do not declare my Birth to you, in hopes of better treatment. I well know there is no Prince that can, without temerity, flatter himself with the Hopes of becoming acceptable to you, much less myself; but I cou'd not any longer conceal from you, your having a secret Enemy so near you: had it not been for that, I shou'd have bounded my Glory in the honour of serving you and seeing you: and however wretched the Condition of *Arondes* was, by his being obliged to stifle the Violence of his Desires, I shou'd have preferr'd it to that of the most powerful Monarchs, who are forced to live at a distance from you. I believe, *reply'd the Princess*, a little recover'd from her Surprise, and at length obliging the Prince to rise, I believe *Arondes* knows me so well, that I need not by a Severity, which perhaps you'll think affected, strive to shew you, how uncapable I am to answer to this Discourse. I have not merited so extraordinary an Effect of Love, nor that you shou'd have undertaken what you have  
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on my account: but yet I must confess, I am not sorry at this odd Accident, since by it, instead of an Enemy, formidable as you wou'd certainly have been, we have acquir'd so generous a Friend. The Interests that have divided your Family and mine, are of such a nature, that it has rather been the want of a right Intelligence, than any hatred caus'd by Injuries on either side. But now you know the Intentions of the Duke of *Burgundy* my Father, I cannot believe you will look on us as Enemies. The Prince did not fail to express himself as was proper on this Occasion; but the Princess rising up, and joining her Train, prevented him from saying all that he intended. Soon after, the Princess went to *Paris*; thither also the Prince repair'd, where the Duke of *Burgundy* govern'd every thing with an uncontroul'd Power: the Duke of *Bourbon* was at that time Prisoner in *England*, having been taken in the Battel of *Agincourt*; but the Court did not give themselves great trouble to release him; this was a very good Reason, besides his Passion, for the Count of *Clermont*'s treating with the Duke of *Burgundy*. Soon after the Affair of *Brussels*, the King of *England* and he had compos'd their Differences, which made it much more feasible for the Count

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of *Clermont* to gain his Father's Liberty, by the Intercession of the Duke of *Burgundy*, than any other way, and he resolv'd to attempt it. He therefore entirely quitted the *Orleans* Party, finding that neither Honour nor Reason obliged him to continue in it, for he had never engaged himself to them by any Treaty. He was in *Hungary* when the Duke of *Bourbon* his Father enter'd into an Alliance with the House of *Orleans*, by whom he had been so ungratefully deserted, that his Son must have forfeited his Reputation, had he not resented it by breaking off with them. Thus by the Princess's Interposition, were the House of *Burgundy* and *Bourbon* reconcil'd; soon after which, the Duke of *Burgundy*, sensible how much 'twas for his Interest to secure to himself a Prince of the Count of *Clermont*'s Rank and Reputation, listen'd to the Proposals of Alliance and Marriage that he caus'd to be made him. The Prince was Cousin-German to the King, and the eldest Son of his Family; which, tho' more distant from the Crown than that of *Burgundy*, yet it held so great a Rank in *France* on account of its Valour and great Possessions, that its Splendour cou'd not be eclipsed even by those that were nearer to the Succession of the Crown; tho'

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at that time, there were the Houses of *Anjou*, *Berry*, and *Alanfon*, besides that of *Burgundy* and *Orleans*, that were before 'em. Thus every thing was preparing to crown these Lovers with Felicity; but Fortune, who takes a pleasure in traversing the noblest Passions, cou'd not bear that they shou'd have so little Reason to revere his Power; and at the very Instant, when they thought they had nothing to fear, she overwhelm'd them in inexpressible Misery. On the other hand, perhaps, Love resolv'd to teach the Count of *Clermont* a Truth he seem'd to be ignorant of; which is, that there is no Rival but what may be dangerous. He had always despis'd the Duke of *Clarence*; but Cunning often supplies the Defects of Fortune. What is it that Love, Vengeance, and Spite united, are not capable of effecting? The Rumour of the Marriage of the Count of *Clermont* and the Princess of *Burgundy*, inform'd him, that he cou'd have no further Hopes, but not only that, but as he had been grossly deceiv'd, when he made the young *Aronde* his Confidant, he cou'd not but think that he and the Princess had laugh'd at his unlucky Contrivance; and the just Resentment at seeing himself made a Jest of, join'd to the Displeasure of losing all farther Expecta-

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tions, inspir'd him with as extraordinary  
 Resolutions, as a despairing Lover cou'd  
 be capable of : he wanted not Courage  
 to form the generous Design of destroying  
 his Rival, but his Strength was not equal  
 to his Valour ; he was too unhappy to  
 have many Friends, and he did not dare  
 in the least to shock the Duke of *Burgun-*  
*dy*, for fear of depriving himself of the  
 last Support he had left in the World.  
 But what, *said he*, can a Man fear who  
 loses his All ? what greater Misfortune  
 can befall a Prince than the being despis'd ?  
 or what can add to the Wretchedness of  
 the Lover, who sees his Mistress in ano-  
 ther's Arms ? He was wrapp'd up in these  
 melancholy Thoughts, alone in his Cham-  
 ber, when a Confidant he had, enter'd.  
 This Man had great power over him,  
 and 'twas by his advice, that he finding  
 Force wou'd be of no efficacy, resolv'd  
 to make use of Cunning ; and at length,  
 after a long Deliberation, and having set-  
 tled every thing according to his Confi-  
 dant's advice, he went to the Count of  
*Clermont* ; he desir'd him to give him leave  
 to speak with him alone in his Closet, in  
 which, as soon as they were shut, he be-  
 gan the following Discourse. Generous  
 Prince, *said he to him*, *Arondes* has so well  
 known the Sincerity of the Duke of *Clau-*  
*rence*,

rence, that I need not, by any vain Discourse, endeavour to gain the good Opinion of the Count of *Clermont*; 'tis with the same sincerity that I now come to assure you, that no one can be more pleas'd with any good Fortune that may happen to you: As I myself cannot obtain the illustrious Princess that is promis'd to you, 'twill be a very great Consolation to me, to see her the Wife of one for whom I have so great a Respect as I have for you. But sure, my Lord, you will not enrich yourself with what belongs to another, and whatever Charms you may find in that beautiful Princess, sure your Honour and Virtue will not permit you to marry one who cannot possibly love you after her Engagement with me. We cannot wonder, if this unexpected Compliment surpris'd the Count of *Clermont*, the Beginning of it was so little suitable with the Conclusion; and what he heard, was so widely different from his receiv'd Opinion, that he did not interrupt his Rival's Discourse. He immediately thought, that all this might be an Artifice, that every thing that came from a despairing Lover, ought to be suspected: these Considerations, together with the Princess's Reputation, made him, as soon as he had recollected himself, laugh at the Duke's

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Discourse, tho' he thought himself assur'd of the contrary; yet to see how far he wou'd carry it on, he answer'd him in this manner. Generosity, my Lord, is a Virtue so inseparable from Persons of our Birth, and I have seen so many Instances of it, in all your Actions, that tho' Fortune has made us Rivals, yet I never thought it capable of making us Enemies. Presuming on the Esteem you have always profess'd for the Princess, who was entirely dependant on her Father's Will, tho' I have been so happy as to gain his Consent, I thought you wou'd see my Happiness at least without Hate, tho' not without Displeasure; and as this is my Opinion, I assure you, I give entire credit to the first Part of your Discourse: but be not offended, my Lord, if I own that I do a little doubt of the Engagement you talk of, and if I declare that it will not be an easy matter to make me believe it, when I have so much reason to think the contrary. My Lord, *reply'd the Duke*, Woman's Artifice is very great, and if you are well assur'd of the Affections of your beautiful Princess, I can convince you that she loves us both, or perhaps, that she has a greater Tenderness for me than you. When you have made out the Truth of this, by undeniable Proofs, I may believe

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you,

you, *said the Count*; but till then, 'tis what I cannot so much as conceive. Well then, *answer'd the English Prince*, give credit to your own Eyes: but before you oblige me to come to a further Discovery, you must promise me two things: First, that when you are satisfy'd that I am in the good Graces of the Princess, you will no longer think of marrying her, and that you will not engage me in a Quarrel with her or her Father; you may make use of what pretext you please, but I insist upon your promising me, that you will take so little notice of what I shew you, that my Name may not at all be brought in question. I can easily promise the first thing you require, *reply'd the Count*, and if you shew me what you say you can, I shall with as little difficulty entirely abandon the Princess, as cease loving her; explain yourself therefore freely: but if I discover the least Artifice or Deceit, assure yourself that nothing in the World shall save you from my just Vengeance. I willingly submit to these Conditions, *reply'd the Duke*, and hope you will inviolably keep your Word, when I shall convince you that the Princess is not so cruel to me, as you imagine; that she writes to me when I will, that she permits me to see her in private whenever I please, and

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that this very Night, if you think fit, you shall see me enter her Apartment at an hour, that must satisfy you, I have that out of pure Affection, which her Duty only will force her to bestow on you. When I have done this, sure you will hardly marry a Woman who loves another, as you shall see she doth. Whatever Reasons the Count of *Clermont* had to be sure of his Mistress's Virtue, his Rival pronounced these Words with so much Assurance, that he was astonish'd. That great Courage, which he had given such intrepid Marks of in the midst of Dangers the most imminent, was stagger'd at this sad piece of News; and the Duke taking advantage of the Trouble he saw him in, entirely disconcerted him by his Discourse, which he pursu'd in this manner. My Lord, a cunning Woman, and a prudent Lover, may deceive the World: What signify'd it to me, whether I was thought to be belov'd, or not belov'd by the Princess, as long as I freely possess'd her Affections, and had all the Assurances of her Love that I cou'd wish for; finding how secure she is thro' my Discretion, she entirely confides on me; and you may assure yourself, that nothing in the World but my Misfortune, and the violent Humour of her Father, shou'd extort this Secret

from me : if she cou'd, without being expos'd to a thousand Difficulties, be the Companion and Sharer of a Fortune so ill assur'd as mine, I wou'd not have recourse to this Method; our Resolutions wou'd have been taken before you discover'd yourself : but now she well sees, that without drawing on herself the Anger of her Father, she cannot deprive him of the Advantages he proposes to himself from your Alliance; and this it is that obliges her to show you as favourable a Countenance as she can : But that you may know the true Sentiments of her Heart, see her hand-writing, and read this Letter. As he spoke these Words, he pull'd a Letter out of his Pocket, and opening it, presented it to the Count of Clermont; that Prince casting his Eyes upon it, already sparkling with Rage and Indignation, found Characters too too well known to him; and tho' he cou'd not believe what he saw, yet at last he read these Words.

*W*HAT, my Lord, will you make me more wretched than I am? is it in Dangers that we are to abandon what we love? and will you be more cruel than even my Enemies? Is my Infidelity to you voluntary, that I deserve the Vengeance you take? — Are you now to learn, that Persons of my Quality are sel-

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dom Mistresses of their own Actions?—and when I am thus sacrificed to a detested Hymen, is it not enough that I assure you, my Heart pays no obedience to the cruel Tyranny?—yet, you deprive me of yours, at the very Instant that I am endeavouring to convince you, mine was never more truly yours: are these the Consolations I might expect in return for the Friendship I've profess'd for you? Return to me, my Lord, return, and afflict not her who is no ways unhappy, but through her Passion for you. I owe you every thing in Gratitude, for the generous Affection you have honour'd me with; but what shall I not owe you, if you once more give me the entire Possession of your Heart? Without examining whether you have depriv'd me of it or no, or whether I have given you cause so to do; I will receive that as a Favour, which of right belongs to me, and reward you in the same manner, as if you had not been faulty; if there can be any thing still in her power to give, who has intirely lavish'd on you all her Affections.

Scarce had the afflicted Count made an end of reading this, when his Rival presenting him with another Letter, and exulting at the Success of his Imposture, Perhaps, said he, one alone will not convince you; examine therefore carefully this, and convince yourself it is not for-

ged, by comparing it with those Letters, which you yourself have received from her; for I don't know but the Princess may have deceiv'd me as well as you. The Count was so dismay'd at the first Letter, that giving way to his unlucky Curiosity, he read the second.

**N**OT to dare to see him whom I love more than Life, and to be incessantly persecuted by one whom I hate more than Death; is, I think, sufficient to make one most wretched. What is it then to be oblig'd to feign Love where I have nought but Horror, and to profess a hatred for the Person, who is the only one I'm capable of loving? Yet to this Extremity am I reduc'd; do I not therefore deserve to be pity'd, rather than condemn'd by you? And yet tho' I am only unfortunate, I am punish'd as if I were guilty. The Injustice of your Complaints makes you deserve our unhappy Fate, yet am I weak enough to render myself miserable by persevering in my Passion for you. Adieu, expect this Night to be reproach'd for your Ingratitude. Come nevertheless, every thing shall be in readiness as usual; come and be witness of my Affliction, and by my Example learn what it is truly to love, if that is what you do not already know.

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Is this enough, my Lord *said the Duke of Clarence*, (as soon as the Count of *Clermont* had done reading) is this enough, or shall I show you a thousand others no less convincing? No, no, to oblige you to keep your Promise, 'tis better to let you see whether the Princess will keep hers; you shall this Night see what she means by things being in readiness. I am guilty of a great Infidelity to her, but I think 'twill be much better to depend on your Discretion and Generosity, than to reduce us all three to the dreadfulest Extremity: You, by being oblig'd to spend your Life with a Woman who cannot love you; she, by always being in the same State of Misery, or rather greater, through her Love for me; and I, who doat on her with the extremest Fondness, by seeing you possess her.

He then offer'd to show the Count of *Clermont* how he was introduc'd into the Princess's Apartment, and as he had so well manag'd the Affair, that the Hour for the pretended Assignment drew near, he propos'd to carry him that very instant; and that if he had the least mistrust, he might take whom he pleas'd with him, provided he would be answerable for their Discretion. The Count reply'd, that he would go alone, that he apprehended no  
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Trick from a Prince in whom he saw so much Candour; and being animated against no body but the Princess, by whom he thought himself so basely betray'd, he follow'd his perfidious Rival, with a Mind fill'd with so much Care, so many different Sentiments and Designs, that it is impossible to express them.

That which is now call'd the *Hotel of Burgundy*, compos'd part of the Palace where the Princess resided; the rest extended itself throughout the Neighbourhood; the Apartment she made use of, look'd upon a Street but little frequented. The Night was pretty much advanced, so that the two Princes had not been long near the Palace, when at one of the Windows of a Room, which the Count of *Clermont* knew to be the Princess's Wardrobe, a Woman appear'd, upon a Signal of the Duke of *Clarence*, and let down a Ladder of Ropes. That artful Prince, after having made his Rival renew the Promises he had given him of being secret, and of no longer thinking on the Marriage, ascended with so much expedition, that the poor Prince, attributing it to the Impatience of a Lover who was going to be happy, was not less convinced of his Rival's Felicity by his affected Precipitation, than he was by the many convincing

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vincing Proofs he had seen. Only they who truly have lov'd, and have met with the same poignant Affliction, can imagine this Grief.

How great must it be, when at the brink of marrying a Person whom he believ'd to be replenish'd with Virtues, for whom he had the strongest Passion, and in the possession of whom, Beauty, Love, and Interest combine; on a sudden to have so much reason to abhor her, as not to be able to think on her without Fury!

What a sight was this for the Prince, to see himself an Eye-witness of his Rival's Happiness? What Complaints did not Love, Jealousy, and Rage inspire him with; and all this was owing to the detestable Malice of the Duke, in following the Counsel of an artful Villain: for in short, there was nothing in all that the Count of *Clermont* had seen.

The Confidant, who had advis'd him to make use of this Artifice, had himself counterfeited those two Letters, in which Art he was so expert, that the Princess herself might have been deceiv'd with them. As for the rest, the Duke of *Clarence* had long gain'd one of the Princess's Women, who rather out of spite, because the Count of *Clermont* had not taken care to secure her  
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to his Interests, or through the strength of his Rival's Presents, thus villainously betray'd her innocent Mistress.

The Duke continu'd hid in the Wardrobe as long as he thought necessary to persuade his Rival of his imaginary Happiness; and after staying there three hours, he came out in the same manner as he went in, without reaping any other Advantage, than the having made his Rival most wretched. The Count did not wait all that time before he returned home; but as one Misfortune never comes alone, he was no sooner got to his own Palace, than, instead of the Consent of the Duke of *Bourbon* his Father for his Marriage, he found a Courier just arriv'd from *England* with the News of his Death. This was an Accident that his great Age and long Captivity might have caus'd to be expected; yet as it happen'd at this unlucky Conjunction, it entirely depress'd him: this Death wou'd rather have forwarded the Marriage than deferr'd it, on which his Love reflecting, it afflicted him in a more lively manner. Rage possess'd him with so much Violence, that when he reflected on his Misfortune, he abandon'd himself entirely up to it; he thought, he had no other Passion for the Princess, but Horror and Detestation

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and tho' he was fill'd with Jealousy against the Duke, yet that Horror and Detestation became so dear to him, that he thought himself obliged to his Rival for inspiring him with them; and, as in the Sentiments he then was, he dreaded no Misfortune nor Infamy, so much as the being Husband to the Princess, in whom, the day before, consisted all the Felicity his Hopes cou'd flatter him with; he thought himself so happy in the having escap'd it, that he look'd upon the Duke of *Clarence* as a Friend, who had deliver'd him from a Precipice, down which he had fal'n, had it not been for his kind Assistance. The only thing that he seem'd most afflicted at, was, what he had promis'd, which prevented him from reproaching the Princess with an account of her Crime, and the making her blush at her Perfidy. But that poor Prince did not know all the Passions his Soul was distracted with; and doubtless the greatest Misfortune that befel him by his Father's Death, was, that it hinder'd him from coming to an Eclaircissement with the Princess, as he certainly wou'd have done, had he not been obliged the next Morning, the Death of his Father being divulged, to receive the Compliments of Condolance of the whole Court. The Duke

Duke of *Burgundy*, willing to shew how much his Interests were at his heart, was the first that waited on him; and in consideration of the Treaty of Alliance that had been made between them, he endeavour'd to convince the Count of the Sincerity of his Reconciliation, and the Esteem he had for him; but he was very much surpriz'd, when the Prince having caus'd every body to withdraw, answer'd to his Compliments in this manner: My Lord, I receive with all the Gratitude I ought, the honour you do me of taking part with me in my Afflictions: I cou'd not expect less from your known Generosity, and from the Friendship you have been so good as to promise me; and I assure you, that nothing shall ever be able to separate me from your Interests: I shall always by my Submissions to your Person, endeavour to convince you with how much Passion I have wish'd for the honour of your Alliance; but since I can no longer think of that, be not offended if I now return you the Consent you have given me for my Marriage with the Princess your Daughter. The Duke amaz'd at what he heard, ask'd him with Disdain, if 'twas the new Title of Duke of *Bourbon*, that was come to him by the Death of his Father, that made him not relish his



his Alliance; and thinking to return Contempt for Contempt, he said several things that the Count wou'd not have borne at another Season. But that Prince making a great effort on himself, answered him with Moderation; and having made the Duke take notice with what Fervency and Assiduity he had sought his Alliance, as long as he thought he cou'd do it with Honour; he convinced him, that 'twas neither out of Caprice or Interest that he desisted. Force me not, my Lord, *said he*, I beseech you, to say any thing that may displease you: as long as I cou'd with Glory love the Princess your Daughter, you know the Passion I've had for her, I neither ought, nor can tell what now prevents me from having the same Respect for her; but be assur'd, that my own Eyes have been Witnesses of her Infidelity, which is such, that I cannot doubt of it: as for the rest, take what pretext you please for the breaking off our Marriage; I consent to it, even tho' it be contrary to my Interests. Say you despise me, I agree to it, out of the great Respect I have for you, and on account of the Passion I once had for the Princess; and I beg you to believe that the Honour I have for you, makes it a sensible Affliction to me, my not being able to become

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your Son-in-Law. The Duke did all he cou'd to discover the Cause of the Count's breaking off with his Daughter; but he inviolably observ'd his Promise to his Rival: yet the Duke return'd fully persuaded that his Daughter had been guilty of a Fault, and all that the Count did to evade explaining himself, did but serve to convince him the more of it. He had naturally an ill Opinion of Women, as one who thought himself deceiv'd by his Wife; for 'twas upon no stronger a Suspicion, than what he now had of his Daughter, that he caus'd the Duke of \* Orleans his Cousin-German to be assassinated, as is well known in History; which was the Source of all the Miseries that desolated *France*, during all that unhappy Reign. We may easily therefore conceive, in what terms he told the Daughter of the Loss of her Lover: but who can judge of the Princess's Affliction, when at the same Instant that her Father told her this dreadful Message, a Gentle-

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\* Lewis Duke of Orleans, Brother to Charles the Sixth, was assassinated in the Street Barbette Nov. 22. 1407. John Duke of Burgundy was, in his turn, assassinated on the Bridge of Montereau Faut-yonne, in the Year 1419. by the Treachery of Madam de Gyac his Mistress. Mezeray, Life of Charles the Sixth.

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man of the Count's brought her the following Letter.

*YOUR* Falshood to me is no longer a Secret, and you must not now expect by marrying me, to make of a most submissive Lover, a Husband as credulous and complaisant as it is requisite for you to have. Would to Heaven I were still in the same Ignorance that so long possess'd me !——Why had I Eyes to be Witnesses of your Shame ? Or, why can I not now forget the heart-piercing Spectacle ?——But that, alas ! can't be ! return me therefore the Faith I so imprudently gave you. Your Infidelity authorizes mine, Reason guides me in what I do ; whereas your Actions are inexcusable Baseness : yet still you may triumph over me, for still you are too dear to me, and I with shame confess, that notwithstanding all you've done to make me detest you ; I am much more afflicted at the Injury you have done yourself, than I am at the bitter Anguish with which you have fill'd my distracted Soul ; tho' that is so great, that Death is all I possibly can hope for.

Charles Barbettere was, in Montreuil Treachery, Life may

The Duke of Burgundy, who took this Letter from the hands of the Gentleman, and who read it himself to her, was so well persuaded by it, that the Count had must cause not to marry her, that he flew

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into a most exalted Passion against her. The melancholy Condition she was in after she had heard it, no ways mov'd him, tho' the Gentleman that brought the Letter was Witness to her falling in a Swoon on a Bed near which she sat : he immediately return'd to his Master to tell him of it, who was not so insensible at it. The Count thought himself mortally injur'd by the Princess, but he had so strong a Passion for her, that he was sensibly affected with her Sorrow, and much more than he thought he shou'd have been, considering what Reason he had to hate her. But how great was his Affliction, when he heard that her Father had carried her overwhelm'd with Grief into the Country, four days after which, News was brought him that she was dead, having broke her Heart with Sorrow ! The Duke her Father caus'd her Body to be deposited under a magnificent Mausoleum, erected in a Church he had pitch'd on for that purpose, there to receive the solemn Honours that are usually paid to Persons of her Birth and Quality. The afflicted Count still retaining his Resentment, was asham'd of his being concerned, but it seem'd as if his Grief exerted itself in tormenting him, the more he endeavour'd to stifle it. He shunn'd the

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Presence of the Duke, whose Eyes reproach-  
 ed him with the Loss of his Daughter;  
 he avoided every thing that might remind  
 him of his past Felicity; his only Plea-  
 sure was to frequent the Place where the  
 Princess's Coffin stood; and tho' he look'd  
 upon it with Eyes full of Disdain and  
 Grief, yet he cou'd not approach without  
 shedding a Torrent of Tears. Alas!  
*cry'd he, one day that he was there, in this*  
*melancholy State,* Who but I ever experi-  
 enc'd, that it is an extreme Affliction,  
 when it does not consist with our Honour  
 to afflict ourselves? O ungrateful Prin-  
 cess! ten thousand times more cruel to  
 me after your Death, than when living;  
 enable me to bewail you without blush-  
 ing, or else to forget the Loss of you!  
 But what do I say, distracted Wretch as I  
 am! has she not done all that lay in her  
 towards it, and does not her Infidelity  
 give me sufficient Reason to forget her!  
 were it not for thee, cruel Love, who  
 will not abandon my Heart! what wou'd  
 your tyrannick Rage exact from me?  
 Whom didst thou ever torture in so odd  
 a manner as you do me? Or, when did  
 you ever before now, take a malicious  
 Pleasure in preserving your Flames in the  
 Ashes of an Inconstant? This deplorable  
 Lover was buried in these melancholy

Reflections, near the fatal Coffin, when by the Light of some Wax-Tapers, which illuminated the Place, render'd obscure by the Darkneſs of the Night, and more ſo by the black Velvet, with which 'twas environ'd ; he ſaw the Duke of Clarence approaching him, pale and wan, who offering him a Dagger, addreſs'd himſelf to him in this manner :

Ah! Prince, how much more wretched are you than you believe yourſelf ; but ſince your Miſfortune is ſuch, that nothing in this World can repair it, it is not juſt you ſhould any longer continue without revenging yourſelf, and offering to that beautiful Princeſs a devoted Victim. Pierce therefore, pierce this Heart with the Poniard I preſent you ; this is the Place where you ought to offer up a due Sacrifice to her whom your Credulity has kill'd ; neither can you do leſs to appeaſe her *Manes*, or to gratify your own Sorrow, than ſtab the Traytor that ſeduced you.

The Prince was ſo blinded with his Tears, and ſo entirely poſſeſs'd with his Sorrow, that the ſight of his melancholy Rival had ſcarce power to rouse him ; and theſe words found his Mind in ſuch Diſtraction, that after the Duke had done ſpeaking, he continu'd ſome time motionleſs, and ſtruck dumb with Aſtoniſhment, if

if he fix'd his Eyes on those of his Rival, he saw so much Wildness in them, that he did not dare to believe what he heard, and the trouble in which he saw him, so disconcerted him, that unable to find words to express himself by, he contented himself with examining the Discourse and Actions of the Duke, with an Amazement very near approaching to Stupidity.

When the other unhappy Wretch, who at the sight of the Coffin felt redouble the just Remorse that the Horror of his Crime fill'd him with, unable to restrain his Transports which propos'd to him nought but Death, to oblige his Rival to give it him, began again in this manner to press him to it.

Why, my Lord, do you thus delay, or what can make you so insensible of the Wrongs I've done you ? If you cannot yet believe my Baseness, learn it from my own Mouth; since the Despair I'm in, does not convince you of it. But to enable me to make a Confession so full of Villany, turn from me those Looks which cover me with Horror and Confusion ;——or rather let me address myself to this mournful Monument, where lie the Remains of a Princess of much more worth than any that at present survive her.—Pardon me, O ye Chaste and Virtuous Ashes, pardon me !  
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not for the Crime that I have committed against your Innocence, for that, I confess, deserves none; but forgive me, if blacken'd, with the greatest piece of Villany that ever was committed, I dare approach a Person of the purest, and most unsullied Virtue.——Hear me, O too credulous Rival, hear me, and know that all I told you was false, Falshoods as black as Hell itself e'er forg'd.——Yes, I'm a Traitor, —Villain,—and Impostor, —I counterfeited the Letters I show'd you; there was no more Truth in them, than in the Favours you thought me blest'd with. I only enjoy'd the Appearance of them, and that vain Appearance deprives you of those real ones you have deserv'd. Expect not that I shall say any thing to mitigate your Rage; I have laugh'd at your Weakness, I have corrupted the Domesticks of your Mistress, I have made you suspect her Virtue by the blackest Artifice that slighted Love could invent: In short, I am the cause of the Death you have given her. —

If this be not enough to make you pierce my treacherous Heart, that has depriv'd you of so much Happiness, and plung'd you thus in Misery, assure yourself, that were it still to do again, even now I would repeat it; for I had much rather

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rather see the Princess in her Grave, than in your Arms; believe my Malice capable of this, and even more, if that can be, or if it need be, to provoke you to give me the Death I wish for.

As soon as the Duke had vented his Despair in these Words, he again made an Effort to put the Ponyard into his Rival's Hands, which he had already offer'd to him; and pressing him to make use of it, he tore open his Bosom with so much Violence, that notwithstanding the great Astonishment of the Count, apprehending that the Duke of *Clarence* would stab himself, he took the Dagger from him, and said to him, What was all that you told me of the Princess an Imposture? Did you counterfeit those Letters, and forge the rest of that detestable Contrivance? Is it possible that a Prince can have been capable of such Baseness? Yes, cry'd the Duke, interrupting him, lest he should vent his Rage in Reproaches, and too long defer the fatal Stroke he so much wish'd for; Yes, one of my Servants wrote the Letters I shew'd you; a Woman of the Princess's, whom I had gain'd, answer'd to my Signal, the Ladder of Ropes she threw me, only gave me an opportunity to be in the Chamber by the Window of which I enter'd.

There

There I continu'd, seeing no body but that Woman, as wicked as myself; staying long enough to make you wretched all the rest of your Life, and full as miserable as you then thought me happy.

If this the greatest Injury Villany could invent, and justify'd with Insolence, does not provoke you to strike the Stroke; give me the Weapon, my own Hands will not fail me, for what indeed does it signify how I perish, since I can never hope for an end to my Wretchedness.

Ah Villain, *reply'd the generous and afflicted Count*, how this Despair betrays the Baseness of your Soul! come Traytor, out of this Place, which perhaps your Artifice makes an Azyle of; come and dispute your Life with me, if you'll give me an Opportunity to revenge myself: but your Artifice, base Wretch, is visible even in your feign'd Repentance, which you make use of only to disarm my Rage. Alas! *reply'd the unhappy Clarence*, punish me, Prince, if you will, but do not insult an Enemy that submits to you. Let us quit this Place, if your Respect for this sacred Temple prevents you from defiling it with my perfidious Blood; or if your Vengeance will not be publick enough, come and sacrifice me in the Face of the whole World. In whatsoever part

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of the World my Soul is separated from my Body, I question not, but it will repair to that of the innocent Princess, if the Place that contains her, will afford Admittance to one so wicked as I am: but think not that I want to move your Compassion; if that were my Design, I shou'd alledge the power of Love on a Heart abandon'd to Despair; I should remind you of what it is to love with an invincible Passion, and yet to see the only Object of my Desires in my Rival's Arms. I might then say, think what you yourself wou'd have done, had you been in my place, if the Commands of a Father had given me the preference; but you are full as cruel in your turn as I have been; you may with honour give me Death, yet you refuse it.—Let me have a better Cause, and see how I'll support it.——But I alas! have already but too much remorse for what I've done, I need not accumulated Guilt, I need not seek the Life of one whom I have no reason to hate, but because I have injur'd him in the tenderest Point. 'Tis I alone that ought to be sacrificed to the Innocence of that virtuous Princess, but you ought to live to publish it.

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The Repentance of that unhappy Prince was so visible in all his Words and Actions, that in some measure it mitigated the Count's Rage ; but as he could not but be sensible of the Misfortunes his Rival had by his Artifices drawn on him, notwithstanding his Submission, he did not refrain from reproaching him in the bitterest manner.

Perfidious Man, *reply'd he*, how ingeniously do you contrive cruelly to afflict me? since you have already deceiv'd me, how can I be certain but you do the same now, on purpose to add Weight to my Sorrow? Besides, of what service to me is this Confession of yours now? Cast your Eyes on this Funeral Pomp, look on this melancholy Coffin, consider what you have ravish'd from me, the Despair you've reduc'd me to, and the Fruit of your Perfidy. And now by your Repentance, tho' perhaps feign'd, you take from me the only Pleasure I had left, which was revenging myself.

Go to your own Remorse, I abandon you, yet even that can't make you more wretched than I am ; but tho' my Misfortunes are greater than yours, yet my Innocence alleviates them, and I certainly shall sooner find Death than your base Heart will permit you to do. Come along with me,

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me, and aid me to put an end to my Misfortunes ; for in this condition, to which you've reduc'd me, I have nothing to do but to justify myself to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and then die : come and animate that unhappy Father against your detestable Life ; perhaps he will be more inclin'd to take it from you than I am ! Come and restore to his Daughter her Innocence, and to me mine, in regard to him ; 'tis for this Action alone I can with Honour live any longer.

They went both together directly to the Duke of *Burgundy*, to whom, as soon as they approach'd, the Count of *Clermont* thus address'd himself ; Learn, my Lord, from the Mouth of the Duke, your Misfortune and mine. After the Injury I have done you, I dare not any longer continue in your Presence, I retire therefore to seek a Death that shall revenge you on me, and enable me to rejoin the much-wrong'd Princess. He immediately withdrew, and as they were alone, that unhappy Father, in whose Face the Marks of the extremest Sorrow were deeply engraven, was soon inform'd by the despairing, and repenting Duke of *Clarence*, of the Villany he had committed ; he told him how long he had lov'd the Princess, the Excess of his Despair, when

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he saw the Preparations for her Marriage with his Rival, and of his wicked Contrivance to break it off; and as he had the counterfeit Letters about him, he put them into the Duke's hands, and said every thing he could think of to provoke him to Revenge: but as his Discourse was much the same with that he had with the Count of *Clermont*, I think it's much better not to abandon that wretched Lover, whose Grief was much more just. As soon as he left the Duke of *Burgundy*, he retir'd to his Chamber in the utmost Distraction; the Violence of his Sorrow had so weaken'd him, that unable to support himself, he threw himself on the Bed; his Mind being entirely bent on seeking Death.

The Civil War, which was then kindled, was the first Method he thought on to gratify his Desires; but as that was not at that time carried on with so much Vigour and Heat, but that he might be unhappy enough not to die so soon as he wish'd, he resolv'd to return to *Hungary*, where the War with the Infidels was extremely bloody; besides, he could not think of staying in a Country, where every thing he saw would reproach him with his credulous Barbarity.

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Fly, wretched *Clermont*, cry'd he, fly  
 at least the place where you committed  
 this Crime ; for the Villany of my Rival  
 can no ways excuse me, my Credulity a-  
 lone was the occasion of my Ruin. How  
 could I think a Princess, whose Ho-  
 nour and Virtue I so well knew, could  
 be capable of what he accus'd her of ?  
 How could I be so blinded by my cursed  
 Jealousy, or how could my Reason so far a-  
 bandon me, as to think she could be in  
 an instant so much alter'd, or so shame-  
 lessly abandon'd to her Passion ? Had I  
 the least reason to believe my Rival at all  
 agreeable to her, even when I was un-  
 known ? Oh Heavens, what is not a  
 Mind capable of, where Love presides ?  
 And how blind are the Eyes of a Lover  
 for every thing but his own Misfortunes !  
 Ah Princess ! how well will the few Days  
 I have to live revenge your Death ! but  
 Wretch that I am, how can I survive the  
 agonizing Thought of it ! How great was  
 my Happiness seven or eight days ago !  
 how great my Misery now——! Oh Feli-  
 city, too flattering, too soon vanish'd, of  
 which I only saw the appearance ; what  
 can restore to my Soul the bare Idea of  
 you ?——Or what restore it, without  
 filling me at the same time with Rage  
 inexpressible ! with despairing Anguish !

fall'n from the height of Glory into the Abyss of Misery, thence never more to rise ! Can Life be agreeable to him, who thro' his own fault has lost the only Person he was capable of loving ? who has made his Mistress die with Grief, one who was most amiable, and who would not have dy'd, had she not lov'd me too well ? Let them that say Hope never abandons, even the most Wretched, let them come to me, and tell me with what I can flatter my deplorable Destiny ! You alone, O Divine Princess, was my Joy, my warmest hopes ; they are in the Grave with you, and 'tis there I must seek them.

In these melancholy Reflections did the Prince pass his Nights and Days, pleasing himself with nothing but the thoughts of the Death he propos'd to find in the *Hungarian Wars*.

Upon account of his Disguize in *Burgundy*, he had sent Orders to his Equipage to continue in a Town in *Germany*, and as he had only sent for it since his Marriage had been agreed on, he immediately countermanded it, and order'd it to stay for him where it was ; and that he would join them in a few days.

The Duke of *Burgundy* appriz'd of his Design, came to visit him ; the whole Life of that Prince was a continu'd Scene of

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Politicks, his Mind was so taken up with Ambition and great Designs, that the Count was not at all surpriz'd at his not being afflicted as much as he ought to have been, at his losing a Daughter, and a Daughter so amiable and virtuous as the Princess.

He told the Count that he came more to comfort him, than to receive any Consolations from him ; and as in the Marriage his only view was to aggrandize his Family, and strengthen its Interest by uniting it with the House of *Bourbon*, he propos'd to the Prince, that if it were true he had had such a Passion for his Alliance, as he once profess'd, it should be his own fault if they were not united, since he had still a Daughter alive, somewhat elder than her he had lov'd ; that tho' she was the *Dauphin's* Widow, and of consequence would prejudice her Rank by a second Marriage, yet he would oblige her to consent to it, to convince him how great a regard he had for him.

The Count thank'd him with great Civility for his Offers, but told him, that in his condition he could have no thoughts of any thing but Death ; that by doing him the honour of giving him the Princess, he would make her very wretched, by marrying her to a Man incapable of a-

my Joy or Satisfaction; and he then assur'd him that his Journey to *Hungary* was resolv'd upon. The Duke did what he could to dissuade him from it; but finding it impossible, and that he was determin'd to set out the next day: Since, *says he*, I am not able to persuade you to accept of my Alliance by this other Marriage, at least let me introduce you to the sight of the Princess I design'd for you. When I sent for her hither, I put her in hopes of acquiring you for her Husband, which tho' it would have been derogatory to her as *Dowager Dauphin*, yet the extraordinary Character she had heard of you, made her accept of it with pleasure; for which reason, and on the account of the Affliction she's in for the loss of her Sister, you can't in common Decency refuse her a Visit.

The Count had never seen this Princess, because during her Infancy she had been always in *Burgundy*, till the time she was married to the *Dauphin*, which was when he was in *Hungary*; and since her Widowhood she had constantly resided at a Monastery some distance from *Paris*: but the Duke had two days before sent for her, to come and comfort him for the loss of his youngest Daughter. This young Widow was reported to have a great deal of Merit.

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The Count, who had heard that she was accounted very near as beautiful as her whose Death he lamented, and that she greatly resembled her, thought that the Duke, who very much desir'd to have him for a Son-in-law, was in hopes that he would be captivated with the Beauty of that Princess; answer'd him, That in the condition he was in, he thought it impossible for so beautiful a Princess to regret his Loss, but much more so, for him to be touch'd with any Object whatsoever; that as he wanted so much Consolation, he was very incapable to give any: but yet since he insisted upon it, he would wait upon him that instant, because he should employ the rest of the Day in getting things ready for his Departure.

The Duke reply'd, That he could not possibly take him with him then, because he had a Business of the greatest Consequence to transact immediately, that would admit of no Delay; but he appointed the Count to come to his Palace in two hours time, which the Count did not fail to do, being uneasy till this troublesome Visit was over, that he might apply himself to ordering Matters for his Journey. Who can therefore conceive his astonishment, when in lieu of his Mistress's eldest

deſt Siſter, and inſtead of a Perſon cloath-  
ed in mourning as he thought to find, the  
Duke having led him into a magnificent A-  
partment, ſhew'd him his Miſtreſs herſelf  
in the greateſt Splendour he had ever yet  
ſeen her; being dreſs'd in the ſumptuous  
Apparel that had been prepar'd for her  
Wedding? In reality 'twas her; the  
Duke having pretended to have Buſineſs  
that wou'd employ him two hours, only  
to give the Princeſs time to adorn herſelf,  
and that ſhe might be prepar'd to play  
her Lover this little Trick, in revenge  
for the Miſchief his Credulity had brought  
on her. Tho' the Princeſs was dreſs'd  
with the utmoſt Magnificence, and tho'  
the Pearls and Diamonds with which ſhe  
was cover'd, wou'd have dazled the Eyes  
of any body that had look'd on her; the  
Count's were only attach'd on her  
Beauty: he was ſo ſurpriz'd at the ſight  
of her, that he was incapable of ſpeaking  
a Word: he thought himſelf in a Dream,  
and 'twas not till after ſome time that the  
Duke of *Burgundy* cou'd convince him  
that all he ſaw was a Reality, and no Illu-  
ſion.

That violent and paſſionate Prince con-  
feſs'd to him, that he was ſo entirely per-  
ſuaded of his Daughter's having forfeited  
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her Honour, by what he said, when he had assur'd him of his being incapable to compleat the Marriage, and by the Letter that he had sent to his Daughter, that very much abhorring her, and unwilling that his Enemies, who endeavour'd to decry him on all Occasions, shou'd be able to reproach him with so black a piece of Infamy; he resolv'd to keep it inviolably secret, and to put her to death by Poison; but that when he came to the execution of his Design, the Force of Nature had hinder'd him: but nevertheless being resolv'd never more to see her, he had form'd the Design of feigning her Death, and of sending her to a Monastery, at such a distance, that she shou'd never more be heard of. The Place he had pitch'd on, was in the extremest part of the *Seventeen Provinces*, which at that time, almost entirely belong'd to him; and as he had rais'd so many Seditions, and perpetrated such numbers of Murders to accomplish his Designs, he was not to be mov'd by his Daughter's Tears, who, as he thought, had by her ill Conduct broke off a Marriage so advantageous to him in his Projects. Nevertheless, after he had made her Death be thought a Certainty, by a Journey that he took to one of his Country Seats, where all his Domesticks thought he had carried

carried her, and she had dy'd, (as indeed who cou'd have doubted it, after the Honours he had caus'd to be paid to her Effigies, and the Funeral Mausoleum he had erected!) he deferr'd sending her to the Convent, because all *France* was up in Arms, and the Places through which she must of necessity have pass'd, were fill'd with Troops of his Enemies Party; and contented himself for the present, with shutting her up in a private part of his Palace, none but a Person who brought her Food, being entrusted with the Secret. How was the Count astonish'd and afflicted, when he was inform'd of the Troubles he had drawn upon the Princess! and how fill'd with the extremest Shame, when he learnt the Dangers his Credulity had thrown her into! He was at once transported with Joy and Grief at the Risque she had run, and at her Escape, and there was nothing that he did not say to obtain her Pardon. After some little difficulty, she granted it him, owning that the Duke of *Clarence's* Deceit had been so cunningly manag'd, that it was not easy to have avoided falling into the Snare. The Count of *Clermont* was also inform'd by the Duke of *Burgundy*, that as that perfidious Prince had put those counterfeit Letters into his hands, he immediately

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ly brought them to the Princess, whose Moderation was so great, that when she was inform'd of the whole Adventure, and had view'd the Letters with astonishment, the only Answer she made after having read them, was, That the Duke of *Clarence* in return for depriving her of her Honour, had given her a great deal of Wit, for the Letters were much better indited, than she cou'd have done. This great Wisdom and the Charms that the Count saw with Admiration in that divine Princess, put him into a State, that can only be conceiv'd by those who after having been in his Misfortunes, have seen themselves restor'd to such inexpressible Felicity: his past Afflictions heighten'd his present Raptures; what he heard of the Princess's Constancy in her Disgrace, convinced him of the unsullied Innocence of her Soul; he was told that 'twas with her Consent, that the Duke her Father try'd his Fidelity in proposing to him another Marriage, and as she had no reason to be dissatisfy'd with him on that Article, 'twas what did not a little aid him in making his peace. Every thing therefore being before prepar'd for the Marriage Solemnity, 'twas no longer defer'd: the Duke of *Clarence* was, as a Punishment, Witness of it; After which,  
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he liv'd very unhappy, but with so much Contrition for his Baseness, that the Duke of *Burgundy*, the Princess and her Lover, being the only Witnesses of it, wou'd not dishonour him by publishing it; and the People, who attributed all the Duke's Actions to Ambition, pass'd several Judgments on the false Report of his Daughter's Death, without so much as guessing at the Truth.

Yet this present History of those Lovers was writ at that time, and but very lately found in *Auvergne*, in an ancient Castle, that has for several Ages belong'd to the Dukes of *Bourbon*. The Count of *Clermont* became the Head of that illustrious House by the Death of his Father; and 'twas he who compos'd the Differences between the House of *Burgundy* and the *Dauphin*, who was afterwards the victorious *Charles* the Seventh. He lived a long time bless'd with the Affections he so well had merited of that noble Princess, as may be seen in the Genealogy of that Family, which may with Justice boast of being the first in the World; enjoying with her that Peace, which through his Valour and Address bless'd *France* after such successive Trains of Miseries.

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